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SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



MISS MARIE STUDHOLME IN "AN ARTIST'S MODEL."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.

LONDON'S LOYALTY TO NELLIE FARREN.

A CHAT WITH NELLIE.

Drury Lane Theatre will have to solve the old puzzle to-morrow of getting a quart into a pint pot, for when Nellie Farren takes her benefit at the Lane, all London who remembers her will want to be present, and of course it would need several theatres joined into one to accommodate the crowd. In view of to-morrow a representative of *The Sketch* had a chat with Nellie.

It would be impossible (he says) to imagine a more appropriate spot for an interview with the quondam Queen of the Burlesque Stage than within the precincts of the Gaiety Theatre, where, years ago, Nellie Farren commenced to reign and would still seem to rule the hearts and affections of the dramatic world, judging by the way all London is exerting itself to take part in and be present at her benefit to-morrow—St. Patrick's Day. There was "a wearing of the green," by the way, in the very name of the room in which we sat, but it was a mere courtesy title, for this little room, about twelve feet square, its walls adorned with a few photographs relating to the cricket eleven of the Gaiety, to which, in the old time, Nellie Farren presented the club-colours, is seldom used except as a smoking-room for the Prince of Wales or some other illustrious occupant of the royal box.

Nellie Farren would need be more than human to be unaffected by the anticipation of the furore of popular enthusiasm which will attend her reappearance before the footlights to-morrow, when, doubtless, the daughter of Henry Farren and the granddaughter of the elder William Farren will acknowledge a reception which will be a tribute not only to her own transcendental art as a comedienne and burlesque actress, but to the drama of which her forebears were such distinguished exponents.

"You must be completely overwhelmed with the preparations for your benefit. Surely never before was an actress so fêted," I remarked, when I had asked Miss Farren after her health.

"Indeed, you are right. It is quite surprising how kind everyone is. It will be a most gratifying day, but the prospect of fatigue and excitement quite frightens me. I can scarcely sleep or eat for thinking of it."

"I expect the very atmosphere of this theatre recalls many occasions of your wonderful receptions, and brings back the old tunes?"

"A good many, I daresay; but at home I could have shown you the words and music of almost all my parts, thanks to the kindness of a dear friend who was and is devoted to me and who used to come to the theatres and take down my songs, sitting in the stalls. I think I remember some of the lines in 'Aladdin,' the last of which, by the way, would be very appropriate in view of my benefit—

Getting kicked, and howling,
Bob is grimly scowling,
Wretched little Arab
Forced to roam.
'Hold your little nag, sir?
Take your little bag, sir?
Werry 'ard to please.
Just what you 'll give,
Thank you, sir.'"

"Excellent. I believe 'Jack Sheppard' was your favourite play?"

"Well, it gave me great opportunities; my part had a real tragic side to it, which took me beyond burlesque. One always likes a piece that shows audiences what is in you. 'Cinder-Ellen Up to Date' was also a great favourite with poor Fred Leslie and myself. He and Mr. Vincent were the writers. I always regret that we never played it at the Gaiety. It was produced by us in Australia. We had a splendid time there, with such enthusiastic receptions; and, practically, we introduced burlesque for the first time to the Antipodes."

"I remember a duet of yours and Leslie's in 'Ruy Blas' that always went splendidly, something about 'My mother told me so.'"

"Oh yes, that was a great success. We were both dressed as school-children, and we danced on our slates, rapping out the tune with our heel-taps. And then you remember the Salvation Army duet,

a topical song which was encored half-a-dozen times every night. The last chorus we sang, I think, went—

We won't sing any more
If you go on your knees;
We've just had a wire to say so.

That was a splendidly dressed and mounted play. I was thinking of it the other night when I went to see 'Much Ado.' Doesn't Fred Terry look handsome? Yes, we had to dress and undress no less than fourteen times in our burlesque."

"Ah, so you like Shakspeare?"

"Oh, what a question! I adore a Shaksperian play, and never miss one if I can only crawl out to see it. Besides, Irving and Ellen Terry are among my dearest friends, I can assure you. I never talk to Miss Terry but I feel as if I were brought in contact with a ray of sunshine. Yes, and dear Mr. Tree. What a picture he makes in 'Julius Cæsar'!"

"But the productions at the Gaiety in your time were also very fine?"

"Oh, certainly, especially 'Columbus.' It is wonderful how a fine scene aids and lifts your acting. It makes one's work ever so much easier."

"Is there any chance of the revival of burlesque plays now that the Gilbert and Sullivan fount seems drying up and the musical comedy pretty well played out?"

"I should not wonder, especially if some clever writer were to take it into his head to revive that order of play; but, of course, it would not do to construct one exactly on the old-fashioned lines. I don't think we could now stand rhyming lines and far-fetched puns, though clever couplets and plays upon words might be admissible."

"Well, I hope we shall see you again on the stage. You are certainly better?"

"Yes, better; but, my dear friend, I shall never be fit to play again."

There was a touching pathos in the way these simple words were spoken as we parted that was infinitely sad.



NELLIE FARREN IN "RUY BLAS."

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

BIG BENEFITS.

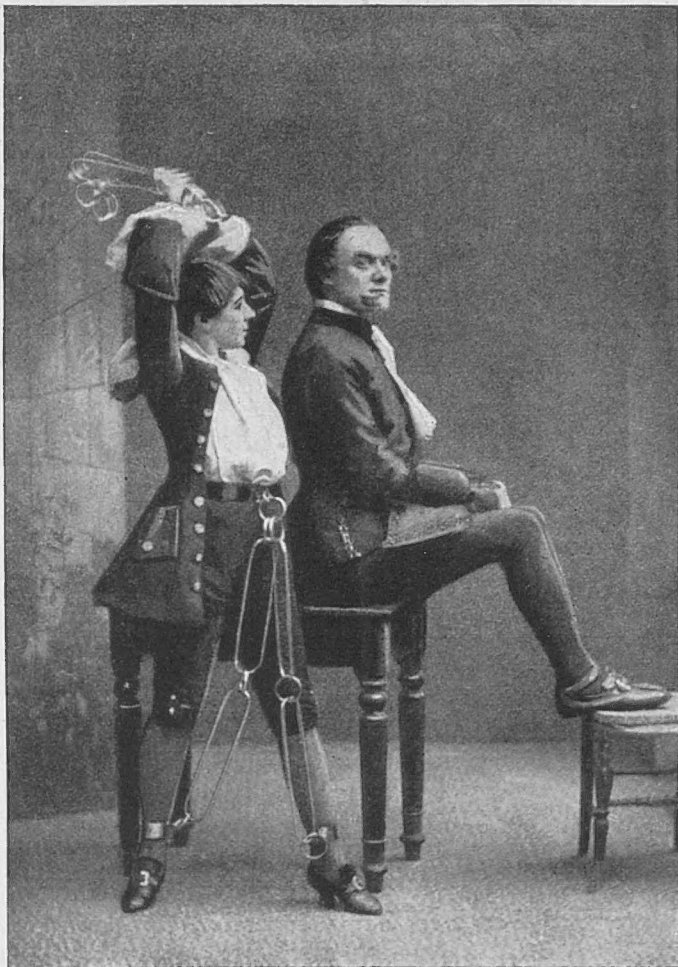
The Great Benefit to-morrow will beat the record, as far as receipts and subscriptions go, as at least £5000 will be realised, if not more, by door-money and subscriptions; but the programme, admirable as it will be, and representing an infinite amount of labour on the part of the executive Committee (which generally means about two or three individuals), will not give one standard work with the completeness which have distinguished certain other benefits. At the Ben Webster Retirement Benefit,

organised at the Gaiety Theatre, but given at Drury Lane on the afternoon of March 2, 1874, it was decided, after much deliberation, to perform one comedy complete, with the most powerful cast available, rather than a miscellaneous entertainment. The "School for Scandal" was naturally selected, and represented by the following players—

Sir Peter Teazle	MR. SAMUEL PHELPS.
Sir Oliver Surface	MR. SAM EMERY.
Joseph Surface	MR. W. CRESWICK.
Charles Surface	MR. CHARLES MATHEWS.
Sir Benjamin Backbite	MR. J. B. BUCKSTONE.
Crabtree	MR. COMPTON.
Careless	MR. H. J. MONTAGUE.
Trip	MR. J. CLARKE.
Moses	MR. J. L. TOOLE.
Snake	MR. T. THORNE.
Rowley	MR. HORACE WIGAN.
Sir Harry (with song)	MR. W. WRIGHTON.
Sir Toby	MR. J. BILLINGTON.
Servant to Charles	MR. LIONEL BROUGH.
Servant to Joseph	MR. DAVID JAMES.
Servant to Sir Peter	MR. RIGHTON.
Servant to Lady Sneerwell	MR. BRITAIN WRIGHT.
Lady Teazle	MISS HELEN FAUCIT (Lady Martin).
Mrs. Candour	MRS. STIRLING.
Lady Sneerwell	MRS. ALFRED MELLON.
Maria	MISS ISABEL BATEMAN.
Lady Teazle's Maid	MISS E. FARREN.

Guests—Messrs. Butler, Arthur Cecil, H. Cox, J. A. Cave, H. Carter, J. D'Auban, C. Harcourt, J. Maclean, M. Marius, F. Roland, H. St. Maur, C. H. Stephenson, R. Soutar, J. G. Taylor, H. Vaughan, and E. Terry.

Henry Irving recited afterwards "The Dream of Eugene Aram," and there was a general gathering on the stage, when Mrs. Keeley delivered an address written by John Oxenford, to which Mr. Benjamin Webster responded. Private boxes cost 5 to 25 guineas; Stalls, one guinea; Dress Circle, 15s.; First Circle, 10s. 6d.; Balcony, 7s.; Pit, 5s.; Lower Gallery, 3s.; Upper Gallery, 2s. The receipts were about £2000. Another remarkable cast for the "School for Scandal" was got



NELLIE FARREN AND FRED LESLIE IN "LITTLE JACK SHEPPARD."
Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

together for the benefit of Mr. J. B. Buckstone at Drury Lane Theatre, Thursday morning, June 8, 1876. This benefit was also organised at the Gaiety—

Sir Peter Teazle	MR. PHELPS.
Sir Oliver Surface	MR. S. EMERY.
Joseph Surface	MR. HENRY IRVING.
Charles Surface	MR. CHARLES MATHEWS.
Sir Benjamin Backbite	MR. BUCKSTONE.
Crabtree	MR. RYDER.
Careless	MR. COGHLAN.
Trip	MR. BANCROFT.
Moses	MR. DAVID JAMES.
Snake	MR. BENJAMIN WEBSTER.
Rowley	MR. HOWE.
Sir Harry (with the Song, } "Here's to the Maiden") }	MR. SANTLEY.
Musical Guest	MR. JOHN PARRY.
Sir Toby	MR. EVERILL.
Servant to Joseph Surface	MR. E. RIGHTON.
Servant to Sir Peter Teazle	MR. C. SUGDEN.
Servant to Lady Sneerwell	MR. ARTHUR CECIL.
Lady Teazle	MISS NEILSON.
Mrs. Candour	MRS. STIRLING.
Lady Sneerwell	MRS. ALFRED MELLON.
Maria	MISS LUCY BUCKSTONE.
Lady Teazle's Maid	MISS E. FARREN.

Guests—Mesdames Carlotta Addison, E. Thorne, B. Henri, M. Harris, Harriet Coveney, Clara Jecks, Everard, &c.; Messrs. Horace Wigan, R. Soutar, J. Maclean, Clifford Cooper, Weathersby, G. Temple, &c.

The stalls cost two guineas, and the receipts were about £1600.

The Isandula Fund Benefit, which took place at the Gaiety Theatre on the afternoon of Wednesday, May 7, 1879, in aid of the families of the men who fell in that engagement, represented in the highest degree the willingness of the whole dramatic profession to assist in promoting a worthy charitable object. I was asked by the committee presided over by General Sir Hastings Doyle to organise this benefit, and the response met with on every side was immediate and most gratifying. The programme is a curiosity. The *Times* of May 7, 1879, said, "The entertainment for extent and variety has probably never been surpassed by any benefit or complimentary performance recorded in the annals of the stage." The bill speaks for itself—

Gaiety, 1.15.—Operetta—"An Evasive Reply." Messrs. Maclean, Strick, and Fawcett. Mrs. Leigh, Misses Rose and Wadman.

Haymarket, 1.40.—Scene from Sheridan's Comedy of "The Rivals"—

Sir Anthony Absolute MR. HOWE.
Capain Absolute MR. TERRISS.

Princess's, 1.50.—Mr. Charles Warner will recite Hood's poem, "Eugene Aram."

Lyceum, 2.0.—First Act of Shakspeare's Play, "King Richard III."—

Richard MR. IRVING.
Duke of Clarence MR. J. COOPER.
Lord Hastings MR. PINERO.
Brackenbury MR. CARTWRIGHT.
Tressal and Barclay MESSRS. WALTERS and EVERARD.
Lady Anne (first time) MISS ELLEN TERRY.

Adelphi, 2.30.—Mr. Hermann Vezin will recite "The Spanish Mother," by Sir Francis Hastings Doyle.

Vaudeville, 2.40.—Duet from Reece's burlesque "Romulus and Remus." Mr. David James and Mr. Thomas Thorne.

Imperial, late Aquarium, 2.50.—Duet from Younge's burlesque of "The Lady of Lyons." Mr. L. Brough and Miss Lydia Thompson.

Prince of Wales's, 3.0.—The Second Act of T. W. Robertson's comedy "Ours."

Prince Perovsky MR. ARTHUR CECIL.
Col. Sir Alexander Shendryn, Bart. MR. JOHN CLAYTON.
Angus MacAlister MR. H. B. CONWAY.
Hugh Chalcot MR. BANCROFT.
Sergeant Jones MR. DEANE.
A Servant MR. NEWTON.
Lady Shendryn MISS LE THIÈRE.
Blanche Haye MISS AMY ROSELLE.
Mary Netley MRS. BANCROFT

Opera Comique, 3.35.—Mr. George Grossmith will sing a new Buffa-Scena. The Steinway Grand Piano lent by Messrs. Metzler.

Gaiety, 3.45.—The Alphabet Trio and Shadow Dance from Byron's burlesque, "Young Fra Diavolo." Misses Farren and Vaughan, Messrs. Terry and Royce.

Court, 3.50.—The Comedietta, by Mr. Theyre Smith, called "Uncle's Will." Mrs. Kendal, Mr. Chevalier, and Mr. Kendal.

Strand and Globe, 4.20.—Scene from Offenbach's comic opera "Madame Favart," including the Soldiers' Chorus, Rustic Song, "The Artless Thing," Ensemble and Hiccup Chorus. Supported by Miss Florence St. John, M. Marius, Mr. Harry Cox, Mr. De Lange, Mesdames Randolph, Barrington, Conteur, Weathersby, Angel, and Evelyne, and Chorus.

Criterion, 4.35.—The First Act of Mr. Bronson Howard's comedy, called "Truth!"

Mr. Alfred Sterry MR. C. WYNDHAM.
Mr. Frederick Fry MR. CARTON.
Mr. John Penryn MR. H. STANDING.
Sir Partridge Compton MR. W. J. HILL.
Mrs. Dorothy Sterry MISS MARY RORKE.
Lady Compton MISS ROSE EGAN.
Patience MISS A. DELLA.
Prudence MISS N. PHILLIPS.
Mrs. Stonehenge Tuttle MRS. STEPHENS.
Mrs. McNamara MISS L. VINNING.
Jumps MISS EMILY VINING.

Gaiety, 4.55.—A Comic Ballet. Supported by Mr. John D'Auban, Mr. W. Warde, &c.

The receipts were about £700—a disappointing amount, considering the attractions provided. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD



NELLIE FARREN AND J. L. TOOLE.
Photo by Window and Grove, Baker Street, W.

MY GAIETY: BY ITS FIRST LESSEE.

The Gaiety Theatre was opened Dec. 21, 1868, and is therefore in its thirtieth year as a building devoted, within the limits of its title, to the gentle art of grinning through a horse-collar. I opened its doors and rang up its first curtain, and continued to do so for seventeen years. During that long period the house was closed only eighteen weeks (about one week in a year), and during that time about one thousand morning performances were given, which were more than equal to another three years of nightly performances. The work done in that time would have frightened a dozen cotton-spinners and soap-boilers. Five hundred pieces were produced on that penal stage, until the original boards were ploughed deep with the furrows of human folly. These five hundred pieces represented tragedy, comedy, farce—original pieces, adapted pieces, the repertory of nearly every theatre in Paris, including the Théâtre Français, played in French by the original actors; incursions into Germany for opera; English opera (so-called), French opera-comique and opera-bouffe (the latter burlesque, but ashamed of the name), old comedies of the Restoration period, and even some of the sacred abortions of the "palmy days" of the drama; Charles Santley dragged from his concert-room admirers; the last, and probably the best, performances of Alfred Wigan, Samuel Phelps, and Charles Mathews, and, as a climax, a selection from the oldest drama in the world, the "Sākuntala" of Kālidāsa, played in Hindustani by a troop of native Parsee actors. Among this crowd of pieces, greater in number, if not in value, than any productions of any State or Municipal Theatre in the civilised world, a concrete form of entertainment, known now as "Gaiety burlesque," was cultivated from the very first, and it struck root and flourished, in spite of much unusual and persistent critical opposition and Puritanical objections that were more in harmony with the days of the Commonwealth than with an age that tolerated "poses plastiques" and "Judge and Jury Clubs," that had only just turned its back on the naked ballet of the opera, and was destined to see the despised music-hall grub develop into the brilliant and, of course, popular Theatre of Varieties but only later. One cause of the success of this Gaiety bantling was the way it was nursed by its creators. For the first time burlesque was treated with proper artistic respect. It had good music, good singers, a trained chorus, a body of trained dancers, a full and capable orchestra, practised pantomimists, and, for the first time, dresses of harmonious colours and artistic form designed by an unequalled stage-costumier like the late Alfred Thompson. It was presented in the most elegant and comfortable theatre of its time—the pioneer of the theatrical improvement of London. Its patrons were not stunk out by the combined smell of stale gas, staler orange-peel, bad printer's ink, and defective drainage; and, above all, they were not worried for untimely sixpences and shillings after they had paid for their seats and wanted a programme. The legend "No Fees" on every wall and in every corner of the free play-bill was not mere empty words—a fiction of the printer and house-decorator. It represented a never-wavering policy which endured for seventeen years.

The exponents of Gaiety burlesque were always capable, and sometimes more, though they were often changed, with one singular exception. Miss Ellen Farren, who had been suckled at the Victoria (the "Vic. over the Water") and apprenticed to the Olympic (as I had been apprenticed to the Alhambra), joined the theatre in 1868 for the opening, and never left it. The irrepressible enjoyment of her work, that inexhaustible spirit, which can only be concisely described by the word "go," a bright face, a lissom figure, graceful movements, nimble feet, and a limited but resonant saucy voice—these were her natural advantages, her stock-in-trade.

The Gaiety Theatre, being a child of the "sixties," began early in the evening (7 p.m.), and always had a triple bill, and sometimes a bill of four pieces. It began with an operetta, with Charles Lyall from the Opera and Constance Loseby from the music-halls. The manager had no theories and no prejudices. The middle piece was a drama or comedy, with Mr. Alfred Wigan, Miss Madge Robertson (Mrs. Kendal), Miss Litton, Miss Fowler, and others, and the burlesque was an after-piece. The hater of Gaiety burlesque (Mr. William Archer, for example, who had to come to a Gaiety matinée to trot out his fetish, Ibsen) may see in this the insidious thin end of the wedge—it was only the trading necessity of the hour. The five hundred pieces in seventeen years only contained forty burlesques (Who said, "Sacred Lamp"?), or eight per cent. of the whole production. Still, it was a staple. R. Barker and Joe Eldred left and Toole came. Nelly Farren remained. At length, in 1876, when the three-act burlesque was introduced for the first time, and the famous quartette was organised, Edward Terry, E. W. Royce, and Kate Vaughan found their fourth and leading partner, Nelly Farren, in possession. The burlesque productions of W. S. Gilbert, Hermann Merivale, G. A. Sala (burlesque was not always divorced from literature), Henry J. Byron, F. C. Burnand, Robert Reece, W. Yardley, H. P. Stephens, and others, always had Nelly Farren. I deodorised Congreve's "Love for Love," and performed a surgical operation on Sir John Vanbrugh's "Relapse," that she might play Miss Prue and Miss Hoyden; I adapted Meilhac and Halévy's "La Cigale," under the title of "The Grasshopper," that she might show what she could do in a part created by that little genius Céline Chaumont; I produced Offenbach's "Princess of Trebizonde" for an exactly similar reason; but these were all "petticoat" parts, and, well as she played them, it was as a "boy"—generally a "burlesque boy"—that she stood on an unapproachable pedestal. To attain this position, she passed nearly her whole life in a theatre which abolished fees, brought the electric light to England, invented matinées, and strangled "benefits" as part of an artist's salary.

JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

The Philharmonic Society does not, it cannot be denied, stand exactly where it did in the rank of English musical bodies. Of old it was to be reckoned not only as the most accomplished, but also as the most distinguished representative of the best music in England. But now it naturally suffers from the defects of its quality of antiquity; for it is inclined to fold its hands "and slumber a little," while younger, more vital, more vigorous associations run ahead and steal the spoils of victory. Last Thursday, for example, the Society gave at the first concert of its season a performance of Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony. It happens that in the same hall a brief while ago Mr. Henry Wood and his admirable orchestra gave a performance of the same work. Mr. Wood is a man of immense energy, a singular power to command, and a most sympathetic insight into what is best in music. His interpretation of the Beethoven Symphony was altogether admirable, full of life, the right sentiment, and flowing spirits. The Philharmonic Orchestra, by comparison, was on Thursday quite wooden, cold, and lifeless. Then, when one considers the surfeit of fine orchestral concerts conducted by Richter, Mottl, Richard Strauss, Lamoureux, Manns, and Mr. Wood which have recently been given before London audiences, and is asked to turn to such a concert as that of last week as representing the authority and the distinction of the Philharmonic Society, it is impossible not to feel that this association has not adequately recognised that it is surrounded by many rivals which have already outstripped it in the race. On the merely financial side of the question—you can usually sum up a complex situation of this kind by a reference to the finances—the public was asked to pay at the Philharmonic Concerts half-a-guinea for some of the seats which at Mr. Wood's concerts you can have for five shillings, and, let it not be forgotten, you get in the latter case a better concert into the bargain.

It may be that, in the present state of reaction against the realistic and psychological drama, Mr. Arthur Law's sentimental drama, "The Sea-Flower," at the Comedy Theatre, will find many friends. The critics may flout it, and, indeed, they have been almost unanimous in employing the famous phrase about "the long arm of coincidence." Yet its simple sentiment appears to have appealed successfully to the ordinary playgoer. Indeed, the story of April, the maid cast up by the sea, the course of whose love affairs runs like that of her step-parent in a storm, has a pretty pathos easily endured because the ending is obvious, which must commend it to all those who look upon the theatre as a place for comfortable tears. Set down on paper an account of the relations between the families of the two lovers, and the final wholesale outburst of marriage might seem a little too artificial for real life even behind the footlights. Fortunately, many of the scenes are gracefully written, and the humours of Nuncarrow and some others are unforced and agreeable. Moreover, the acting, if not of startling brilliance, is remarkably good. Most sincere praise may be given to Miss Eva Moore for work as skilful as it is full of charm. Mr. Arthur Playfair seems almost suddenly to have made an advance in his art, for he has never given us anything before of such quality as his acting in the part of Nuncarrow. Mr. Charles Groves, a character-actor with a most taking breadth of style and richness of comedy, renders the part of a typical stage-fisherman very attractive. Praise also must be given to Miss Lena Ashwell, Miss Gladys Homfrey, and Mr. John Beauchamp.

The new comic opera "The King's Sweetheart," by Mr. Sturges and Mr. James Glover, has been introduced to London at the Metropole, Camberwell. Apart from the merits of the piece, Mr. Sturges is one of Camberwell's "celebrities," and had been interviewed by a local paper a day or two before the production. If one might judge by the enthusiasm of the audience, the opera should be successful. The music is bright and fresh, but there is no item of more than average excellence. The libretto is well written, and is in more than one instance reminiscent of the Savoy; indeed, the same might be said of the music. Perhaps the Madrigal—a frank imitation of Gilbert and Sullivan—was the most successful bit. Mr. Fred Eastman was the life of the piece, being well seconded by Mr. J. W. Handley. Mr. Charles Angelo made a good King, and Miss Elise Cooke (from the Gaiety) sang well and charmed the house. There was a good deal of dancing of the Gaiety type, and a fantastic dance by Mr. Sidney Vincent, as Dommer, was really funny. Miss Alice Aynsley Cook did well in a somewhat ungrateful part. Encores were frequent, and Mr. Glover, who conducted, was loudly called for when the curtain dropped.

I see that Miss Kate Vaughan is again returning to the stage, and that she is this week appearing at Hastings in the three-act comedy by Dumas fils, entitled "Love and Honour." On the twenty-first she will appear in the same piece at the Parkhurst Theatre in Holloway, and will also give her well-known monologue, "How it Happened," by way of a curtain-raiser. I am sorry to see that the result of her benefit has not enabled her to retire. I am told that her health is still delicate. She has done splendid work in her time, not, as some may imagine, exclusively in the department of dancing, but in comedy. I can recollect with more than usual pleasure her appearance as Lady Teazle in the "School for Scandal," and, with the recollection of Ada Rehan and other gifted actresses in the same rôle, I recall Miss Vaughan's rendering, and cannot well say who deserves the highest praise. In pantomime, too, the inventor of skirt-dancing was very happy.

After a long sojourn in America, Miss Marie Studholme is back in this country, appearing, as before, in Mr. George Edwardes' companies.



MISS MAUD JEFFRIES AS KATE CREGEEN IN "THE MANXMAN."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TALMA AND CO., MELBOURNE.

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THE MAD KING OF BAVARIA.

A sudden revival of interest in the extraordinary career of Ludwig II.,
the mad King of Bavaria, has broken out. Two sensational articles
about him have appeared in the sixpenny magazines within the last few
months, while I have just received from Munich the first two parts of a
book by Fräulein Louise von Kobell, entitled "König Ludwig II. und
die Kunst." Ludwig is of considerable interest to English people. To
begin with, his cousin Prince Ludwig, son of Prince Luitpold, who is
Regent of Bavaria in place of King Otto (who succeeded Ludwig and
who also became insane), is married to the Archduchess Maria Theresa,
whom the Legitimists claim to be the *de jure* Queen of England. Then
poor Ludwig himself fell in love, first, with the Grand Duchess who is
now Duchess of Edinburgh, and, secondly, with the Princess who is
Queen-Regent of Holland to-day and sister of the Duchess of Albany.

Ludwig inherited a love for building from his grandfather, Ludwig I.,
and an enormous fortune from his father with which to gratify the
craze. From first to last he spent £4,600,000 on his castles in the air.
In the gorgeousness of their design and the splendour of their fittings
they seem to belong more to the times of Louis XIV. than to
this matter-of-fact nineteenth century. His rooms in the palace at
Munich were the first objects of his lavish expenditure, and everything,
from the corridors, decorated with frescoes of the Nibelungenlied by a
leading Bavarian artist, to the audience-chamber with its throne of gold, is
an example of the highest art of the sculptor, the painter, the silversmith,
and the architect. Adjoining this suite of rooms is a magnificent winter-
garden, of which Fräulein von Kobell gives a detailed description. A
painting of the Himalayas forms the background to a grove of palms,
rhododendrons, azaleas, and orchids; brightly coloured birds swing upon
golden boughs; roses hang from the glass roof, lotus-flowers bloom on
the miniature lake, on which floats a boat of gold. Beyond lies a green
meadow, through which a brook meanders and on the banks of which
grow sweetly scented hyacinths. In this Paradise the King sometimes
entertained his guests at dinner, when softly coloured lights illuminated
the scene, and a band hidden among the foliage played melodies from
Wagner's operas.

Early in his reign Ludwig greatly wished to build a magnificent
opera-house for Munich, with a road and a bridge over the Isar connecting
it with the palace. The plans were all drawn and the estimate for
carrying them out amounted to five million guildens. The Treasury
officials vigorously opposed this enormous expenditure, and the plan fell
through. Thwarted in this scheme, Ludwig determined to henceforward
build for his own personal gratification alone; in fact, Fräulein von
Kobell tells us that he expressed a wish that the numerous castles he
had built should be blown up at his death. Foremost among these castles
is the Linderhof, a so-called hunting-lodge. It is in the style of the
palace at Versailles, and very nearly as gorgeous, with its beautiful stone
façade, its lovely gardens and terraces, and its Temple of Venus. In
most spots in Bavaria some masterpiece may be found to remind the
inhabitants of their mad and splendour-loving King, and none is more
striking than the colossal representation in stone of the Crucifixion
erected on a hill at Oberammergau, and presented to the inhabitants by
Ludwig in remembrance of one of his visits there. What Europe really
owes him is his daring belief in Wagner, at a time when the great
composer was believed to be as mad as his Mæcenas.

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SMALL TALK.

Lord Brassey's fancy-dress ball at Government House, Melbourne, in December last was probably the most brilliant function of its kind that has ever taken place in the Southern Hemisphere. Nearly fifteen hundred guests were invited, and every kind of costume was represented,

from antique Roman to the most modern mode. One of the most effective features in the ball was the formation by the leaders of Melbourne society of different sets representing the various periods in English and French history, the most conspicuous being Lady Holled Smith's Watteau, Lady Madden's Elizabethan, and Mrs. Watson's Queen Anne set. The accompanying photo of the Viceregal set, representing Louis XVI. period, shows Lord Brassey (as Louis XVI.) and Lady Brassey (as Marie Antoinette); Viscount Hampden (Duc de Brissac), and Mrs. Skeffington Smyth (Madame du Barry); Captain Freeman Thomas (Comte Fersen) and Mrs. Freeman Thomas (Madame Elizabeth, sister of Louis XVI.); Lord Richard Nevill (Comte d'Artois) and Miss Sylvia Darley (Marquise Lafayette); the Earl of Shaftesbury (Duc de Liancourt) and Miss Lily Brassey (Comtesse de Moxilles); Mr. Albert Brassey (Comte de Provence), Hon. Miss Dorothy Brand (Princesse de Lamballe), Mr. J. H. Osborne (Baron de Resenval), and Miss May Brassey (Mlle. de Lorraine); Captain Pelham (Comte de Ségur) and Miss Marcia Cox (Madame la Comtesse de Beauharnais).

Lord Shand, as a member of the Richmond Golf Club, averred, in responding to a toast at the annual dinner of that club the other evening, that golf was a game which promoted feelings of kindness, friendship,

and fellowship. He had a claim probably higher than any man living to talk about golf, for he had attained the honour—which he did not think any other golfer possessed—of having two bunkers named after him. One of these bunkers was at Musselburgh, the other at Biarritz. Lord Shand never had a club in his hand, he confesses, till he was raised to the Scottish bench. Previous to that he had been too much occupied

to play, but from that day onward he had played as steadily as he could. Every Monday at Musselburgh, he reminiscently related, he was one of a regular foursome, the other players being fellow Lords of Session, Lord President Inglis, Lord Rutherford Clark, and Lord Lee. Lord Shand thoroughly appreciates the quality of the golf he had at Richmond; next to a seaside course, he says he prefers Sudbrook Park.

The Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of London are to open the Northampton Institute on Friday. The buildings and equipment have up to the present cost over £80,000, and the expenditure upon the latter is not yet complete. In addition, the land, over one and a quarter acres, most

generously given by the late Marquis of Northampton, is estimated to be worth not less than £25,000. The institute is a branch of the City Polytechnic, and is situated in one of the busiest parts of the metropolis.

Hockey is becoming very popular among women, and the growing number of spectators at the matches played at Richmond show that the public have not lost their interest in the old-fashioned game. England met and defeated Ireland at Dublin the other day. The Englishwomen wore white blouses with an embroidered rose on them, and bright-scarlet short skirts, and were well cheered. The "Shamrocks" looked very smart in their light-green blouses and sage-green skirts.



LADY HOCKEY-PLAYERS AT DUBLIN.

Photo by Robinson, Dublin.

Hon. Dorothy Brand. Lord Richard Nevill. Lord Shaftesbury.

Miss Lily Brassey.



Mr. Albert Brassey.

Lord Brassey. Hon. Helen Brassey. Lady Brassey. Lord Hampden.

Miss May Brassey.

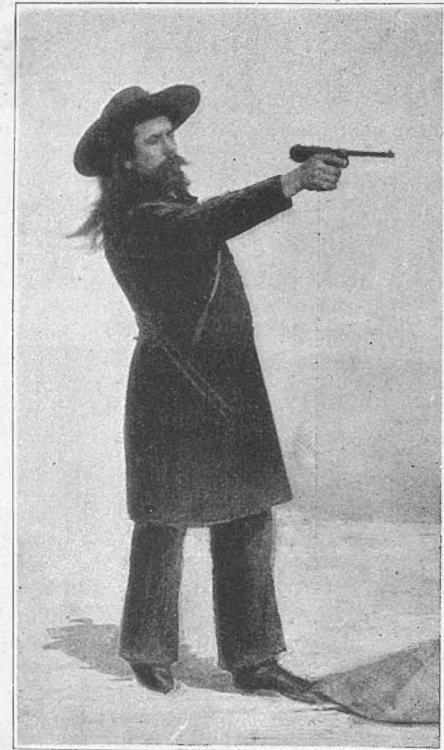
THE VICEREGAL SET IN LORD BRASSEY'S FANCY-DRESS BALL AT THE GOVERNMENT HOUSE, MELBOURNE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TALMA AND CO., MELBOURNE.

The Borchardt gun is an arm of undoubted ingenuity. It takes the form of a magazine-rifle with a detachable stock, thus enabling it to be used either as a gun or as a pistol. Its speciality consists in the fact that by the manipulation of a simple lever the gun can be made to fire either a single cartridge or a number at a single pull of the trigger.

The magazine is affixed to the under-side of the lock in such a way as to form a handle which, when grasped, enables the holder to pull the weapon towards him, and thus gives a steadier pose than is possible with any ordinary arm.

It is stated that this weapon will send a bullet 1500 yards, but whether it would still possess any effective power at this range is an open question, and, in the face of the shortness of the barrel, appears doubtful. At short ranges the gun appears adequate enough, and its accuracy as well as the speed at which it can be fired was demonstrated the other day at Neasden beyond question by Mr. S. F. Cody, an American marksman of the Cowboy type. For purposes such as exhibition shooting and quick work the Borchardt appears especially well adapted, as was shown in the discharge of eight bullets in a period of one-



THE NEW PISTOL.

CODY KODAKED BY BERESFORD, MERTON, S.W.

third of a second, aimed at a moving target, with the result that seven shots passed through the board within a circumference of four inches.

The recent army and navy debates have thrown further light on the high position in the House of Commons occupied by Sir Charles Dilke. A gangway, narrow but difficult to cross, still divides Sir Charles from the official leaders of the Liberal Party; but, although he speaks only for himself, his criticism is listened to with as much respect as is vouchsafed to the Front Opposition Bench. The "boycott" against him has completely broken down: witness, for instance, his appointment on the Royal Commission on the French Exhibition. Official leaders of the Opposition lean across the gangway to consult with him, and Cabinet Ministers treat him as a Parliamentary equal. The Liberal Party as a whole does not recognise Sir Charles as one of its leaders, only a few of the Radicals looking up to him in that light; yet if he is left out of the next Liberal Government his position as an experienced, relentless critic at their elbow will be one of their constant troubles. Although not a lively speaker, he is so well informed, so capable, and so independent, that he has thoroughly regained the ear of the House.

In one of the few emotional passages of Sir Charles Dilke's very prosaic speeches he referred with pity to the lazy ones of the earth—to those who seek "yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep." Sloth is the last quality which could be imputed to himself. He is a type of the diligent statesman. If he has not a trace of inspiration in his character, he possesses at least that form of genius which consists in an infinite capacity for taking pains. His industry is marvellous, and so also is his method. Easy-going men are amused when he takes out of his pocket a note-book with a large pencil and makes an entry. Occupants of the Front Opposition Bench may come and go, but Sir Charles Dilke is always at his post below the gangway. In this respect he is a pattern leader. Yet industry and immense information are not sufficient to account for the success of his second Parliamentary career. Sir Albert Rollit is equally industrious and as near omniscience, and Sir Albert is not recognised as an authority on great political questions. But for a certain painfully lamentable event, Sir Charles Dilke would have been leader of his Party and Leader of the House of Commons.

I note that my friend Mr. Frank Boyd, whose gossip in the *Pelican* is a continuous joy to me, expresses himself as quite at a loss to understand the attraction which membership of the County Council has to various men of position in London life. It is, he assures us, an eccentric craze. I like that blunt way of putting the thing, although I do not in the least agree with him. I would far rather be in the London County Council than in the House of Commons. Were it my privilege to serve my country in any other direction than that of journalism, I should like to see some fruits of my labour, and I fear that, with no capacity to be more than a private member, I should be in the House of Commons a good many years without making much impression upon that institution, whereas, with considerably less ability, one might hope to become an influence in

the County Council, and that County Council, be it remembered, practically legislates for a population larger than that of Holland or Belgium, larger than that of the whole of Ireland, and far larger than that of Scotland. It has to deal with a Budget of twelve millions of money, it has in its hands the governing of five millions of people in the centre of the universe, and it has the control of the loveliest city in the world!

Mr. H. O. Arnold-Forster continues on the war-path, and contributes an able article on the Army to the *Nineteenth Century*. He is unsparing in his denunciation of the War Office and all its works. He condemns the system of linked battalions, with their accompanying dépôts, and would like to see the Line soldiers trained at large dépôts such as those which have proved so successful with the Guards and Marines, our most efficient troops. There is much in the article that is undoubtedly sound and practical; but, in his ardour, Mr. Forster occasionally makes statements which are not correct, and thus, to some extent, spoils his case. For instance: "The Warwickshire, being a territorial regiment, is, of course, quartered out of Warwickshire, and inasmuch as Birmingham, its principal source of supply, has been closed to it, in order to secure recruits for a Highland battalion, it is glad to take what it can get." Now Birmingham has not been closed to the Warwick regiment. The Highland battalion in question has been enlisting Scotchmen only, just as has been the case in London and other centres, so that the recruiting of Warwick lads has not been interfered with.

Mr. Forster's remarks in the House as to the progressive degradation of the appearance of the walking-out dress of the infantryman were to the point and quite justified, for the ordinary Line uniform is about as ugly as it possibly can be. Tommy strolls along with his hands stuck deep down into his overcoat-pockets, the coat usually unbuttoned and flying back in the wind, and generally a cane sticking out of one pocket. Probably the *raison d'être* of the unbuttoned coat is that Mr. Atkins wishes to show a little of his scarlet tunic, the only vestige of smartness now left him.

However, amid the chorus of disparagement, comes a note of another sort, and this from a War Correspondent in the Soudan. Speaking of General Gatacre's British Brigade, he says—

It is really a gladsome, inspiring sight to see the brawny, bare-legged Cameron Highlanders, the tough Warwicks, and the tall, broad-shouldered men of the East Coast—the Lincolns—striding over the desert with all the freedom of movement of the Arabs and the thews of Britons. I certainly have seen no such highly trained men in all the many Soudan campaigns.

The writer says that a smarter or finer body of soldiers could not be found the world over. There is practically no sickness, and, after long and arduous desert marches, Tommy actually spends his afternoons in playing football, and then goes to bed "fully dressed, boots and all, ready to spring to arms." No drink except water and "minerals" is allowed.

One of the best-known of living poets has written a delightful epigram on Queen Elizabeth's bed, an epigram which, I believe, will some day find its way into print. The same poet would, no doubt, find poetic material in a bed which attracted my attention in the Grand Hotel at Rome, when I was there a short time back. The bed is an eccentricity of the hotel management. It stands in a gorgeously decorated room, a room of which the ceilings are the work of one of the many brilliant Italian artists who are now engaged on house-decoration throughout the whole of Italy; but it was the extraordinary dimensions of the bed in question which attracted my attention. I do not know what the exact size of it may be, but I imagine that, without any exaggeration, four ordinary large English bedsteads might have gone to compose it, and I imagine six or eight people might sleep in it with comfort. As it is, I am told that the room is let in quite the ordinary way to this or that man of distinction who arrives at the hotel. There are some people, apparently, who find glory in being accommodated for a night in the enormous structure. But I should almost have thought that the position of the visitor in question was somewhat approximate to that of the country squire who, occupying a room in which the bed had one of the substantial old-fashioned testers, is said to have placed his servant in the bed, and himself mounted on the canopy, merely remarking, "I would rather be down there, Jack, were it not for the honour of the thing!"



A GIGANTIC BED.

By the death of Baron Holm Patrick, his only son, the Hon. Hans Wellesley Hamilton, succeeds to the title at the age of twelve. The late peer, who was born in 1839, did not enjoy his honour long, for he received his title only in June. He and his father (the late

the destinies of a country under the empire of liberty without danger to its grandeur.

Virtue and Victoria still sit on that throne, but France stands not where it did. Napoleon was back in England for good within sixteen years—Emperor no longer, but merely a vagabond king. His son, not yet born on that famous London reception, has been dead nearly these twenty years, and all that remains is the warm friendship between Victoria and Eugénie, *Gallorum Imperatrix* no longer.

Have you ever noticed the point that divides London at work from London at play—two aspects of the Londoner's life, I take it, much more distinctly marked than in the provinces? The most striking signal of the change is the lighting of the flambeaux on the theatre-roofs, which reminds you of the firing of the beacons which we saw in "For the Crown." As if by magic, the restless, hurrying London takes off its office-jacket and sets out to enjoy itself. I was so struck by the transformation the other night that I wrote—

Darkness again—the daylight spent,
O day that dawned and died by stealth!
Armies that marshalled, business bent,
Are wearied in the war for wealth;
On every side the halt is writ:
Now is the playhouse flambeau lit.

Westwards again the 'buses ply,
With naught but shiny hats atop.
The City blinks with sleepy eye
As tradesmen quickly shut the shop;
And Westward hies the merry cit.;
For him the flambeau flare is lit.

The sickly sun has sunk from view;
The restless street is dull and dark;
But patient stands the coated queue
Of shop-girls and the City clerk.
At gallery door, and round the pit,
They love to see the flambeau lit.

While in the brilliant Lane or square
The carriage and the footmen wait;
The tiger wraps my lady fair,
And Eastward turns (by half-past eight).
A thousand nimble hansoms flit
To pause where'er the flambeau's lit.

Night sets the London that I love
In full pursuit of Pleasure's train;
The "stars" below, the stars above,
As strangely mated consorts reign;
For London laughs from "Pay." to "Brit."
What time the flambeau flare is lit.



THE HON. HANS HAMILTON HAS SUCCEEDED HIS FATHER AS LORD HOLM PATRICK AT THE AGE OF TWELVE.
Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.

James Hans Hamilton) represented Dublin County in Parliament from 1841 to 1885. He married Lady Victoria Alexandrina Wellesley, sister of the present Duke of Wellington.

The year opened with a list of seventeen peers who were minors, but, as the Duke of Manchester attained his majority in the beginning of the month, the list is not increased by the addition of Baron Holm Patrick. The others are—

Title.	Got the title at the age of	Attains his majority
Baron Berwick ...	20 ...	April 2
Earl of Rothes ...	16 ...	July 13
Baron Hindlip ...	20 ...	Sept. 22
Earl of Wicklow ...	14 ...	Dec. 24
Baron Vivian ...	15 ...	Jan. 21
Marquis of Headfort ...	16 ...	Jan. 12
Earl of Dalhousie ...	9 ...	Sept. 4
Baron O'Hagan ...	7 ...	Dec. 5
Earl of Leitrim ...	13 ...	June 23
Marquis Conyngham ...	14 ...	Jan. 30
Baron Camoys ...	13 ...	Jan. 28
Baron De Clifford ...	10 ...	July 2
Duke of Albany ...	At birth ...	July 20
Baron Holm Patrick ...	12 ...	Aug. 8
Viscount Torrington ...	3 ...	Sept. 10
Duke of Leinster ...	6 ...	March 1
Earl of Macclesfield ...	8 ...	May 24

I may add that Baron Berwick, who will be twenty-one on Saturday fortnight, is no relation whatever to the Duke of Berwick-upon-Tweed, the nephew of the Empress Eugénie, as you may see by the article given elsewhere in the present issue on the family of Kirkpatrick. The Dukes of Berwick-upon-Tweed, who have not been British peers for two centuries, are of the royal line of Stuart. The name of the Barons Berwick, on the other hand, was originally Harwood. They changed it to Hill, and in 1824 added Noel to it.

In reference to the same article, I may add that it is strange to read of Napoleon the Third's visit to London in 1855, when he was received at the Guildhall. In replying to a speech of congratulation, he declared that England and France "are naturally united on all the great questions of politics and of human progress that agitate the world from the shores of the Atlantic to those of the Mediterranean." He concluded thus—

We shall take back with us to France the lasting impression of the imposing spectacle which England presents, where virtue, on the throne, directs



MISS CONNIE ORR, ADJUDGED AFTER COMPETITION THE PRETTIEST CHILD IN IRELAND UNDER FOUR.
Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.

Three newcomers to the concert-room have appeared within the last few weeks—a violinist, a pianist, and a vocalist. I begin with the violinist because, though a "he," he began his career by appearing before the Queen at Buckingham Palace. Master H. Vernon Warner, who played a lengthy and difficult programme, including the first movement of the Moonlight Sonata, Chopin's "Nocturne in G," and Schubert's "Impromptu," for the Queen, is ten years old, and has already appeared at the St. James's Hall and the Queen's Hall, where he won hearty commendation from the critics. He made his London début some little time ago at the bazaar in aid of the Theatrical Mission held in St. Martin's Town Hall. Master Warner is undeniably a home-grown genius, being the son of Mr. Harry E. Warner, organist of the Royal Church at Kew. To his father young Warner owes all the training to which he does so much credit. The day following his appearance before the Queen, this *Wunderknabe* had the further honour of playing before Princess Beatrice at the Marchioness of Granby's house. He is worth taking care of, so it is to be hoped that he will be saved to win ripe fame rather than exhibited early to achieve adult mediocrity.

Miss Gertrude Macaulay, who, in conjunction with Mr. Julian Pascal, gave a concert at the Steinway Hall on Wednesday, should prove a valuable recruit to the oratorio platform. She is not by any means a novice in public life, for she has sung several times in the provinces, and, for the last two years, has been gaining experience on the light-opera stage at the Savoy, where she appeared in "The Mikado," "The Grand Duke," "The Grand Duchess," and "His Majesty," taking the part of the Duchess Gonzara in the latter opera. She understudied Miss Rosina Brandram in several characters, and, on the occasion of that lady's illness, played the part of Dame Carruthers in "The Yeomen of the Guard" with considerable success. Miss Macaulay's voice is a full and well-trained contralto. At the concert in question, she made her chief "hit" in the beautiful "Still wie die nacht," which she sang with feeling as well as effect. She was also heard to advantage in the famous solo, "Amour! viens aider," from Saint-Saëns' "Samson et Dalila." Curiously enough, Miss Macaulay enunciated better in French and German than in English, a result due, no doubt, to her Continental training. Mr. Pascal's piano-forte-playing was very good.



MASTER WARNER, WHO PLAYED
BEFORE THE QUEEN.

Photo by Goodwin, Anerley Road, S.E.

her teens, that Frau Schumann first became acquainted with her. She was so impressed with the child's performance that she wrote to her mother predicting a great future for her, and urging that she should be properly and carefully trained. Shortly afterwards Miss Dessauer went to Frankfort and began her musical education under Frau Schumann. For some years the great pianist kept Miss Dessauer in her own house, so as to be the better able to look after the young musician. Although Miss Dessauer made her first appearance in London last month, she has already played in Berlin and other German cities, as well as one or two of the provincial towns of England.

What is the good of appearing in "Who's Who?" I ask this question because a young friend of mine, who was biographed in Mr. Sladen's fascinating volume, has since received several letters from money-lenders, of which I print a specimen—

It has been brought to our knowledge that there are a great number of gentlemen who at times require an extra amount of ready cash, but who do not care to ask their friends for the accommodation, and would prefer to pay reasonable interest when it could be procured without publicity. We are prepared to make advances to responsible borrowers, either on note of hand, reversions, life policies, shares, &c., at rates of interest according to the stability of the applicant, and the period required. Should you at any time require accommodation, we shall be pleased to hear from you. Our representative can call to make all arrangements for completing, if inconvenient to see us at this address.

"Holy Russia" puts on its sternest aspect of piety during the first two weeks of Lent, and dancing is anathema, Society comatose, while even the theatres are under a temporary Closure Act. Preceding all this, however, a series of frantic gaieties—no other word arrives at it—leads up to the Forty Days which are unknown to calmer communities. A leader of Society gave what is known as a *folle journée*, for instance, on Shrove Tuesday. Dancing began at four in the afternoon and continued with vigour, as the provincial journals say, until four next

morning, with an interval for dinner at eight o'clock. What would our blasé maids and languid young men say to this, or how would the London hostess fare who attempted such appallingly robust entertainments? Nevertheless it was an amazingly enjoyed function, and people were exchanging revelries between Madame Naryshkin's and the French Embassy all night. Abroad they are not weighed down by a dismal atmosphere, which, perhaps, accounts for much of our

monotony, not to mention the fogs of that "melancholy ocean," as Disraeli called the Irish Channel, which perennially refresh us.



MISS MACAULAY, THE NEW CONTRALTO.

Photo by Hana, Strand.

défini, these functions are devoted to music, the programme being given up to early Italian one day, Hungarian another, Hibernian a third, and so on, which object-lessons are much more interesting, by the way, than the miscellaneous inflections to which our home musical evening is prone. So much has it fallen into disfavour, indeed, that hostesses at home have had to fall back on "bands," white, red, blue, green, or piebald, for the last few Seasons rather than face the boredom of the usual programme to self and guests.

Another matter to be urged on the consideration of entertaining women in London while on this subject is that weekly evenings are greatly preferable to "days," and that the true spirit of sociability would be much more fostered thereby. Expense is the usual argument advanced against this pleasant mode of meeting, but champagne is by no means a necessity, while the quiet graces of claret-cup and green sandwiches cannot surely be vetoed as expensive deterrents.

Mr. A. C. R. Carter's "concise record" of all matters relating to "music and musical institutions" which have occurred during the season 1896 and 1897, "together with information respecting the season of 1897 and 1898," is of the highest value to the musical amateur who has a personal care in keeping beside him a record of the concerts, the operas, the recitals, and all the rest of the events that have taken place in the world of music in the immediate past. Mr. Carter modestly says that an "endeavour has been made to place the work on such a basis that the order and arrangement of the information may most readily serve the reader's purpose." Certainly the contents of his book are exhaustive enough; he discusses the colleges and schools, the examining bodies, the London Concerts—orchestral, chamber, instrumental, choral, and ballad—the Grand Opera, light opera, musical festivals, music in the provinces, music abroad, and University degrees in music, and in each case he gives all the historical details in connection with his subject accurately, succinctly, and precisely. Quotation is, of course, beside the mark in such a connection. It simply suffices to say that Mr. Carter has done his work thoroughly and well. I cannot find that he has omitted any concert of importance in his record. A word, too, as to the usefulness of such a book. It all seems simple enough and easy enough to read, and to refer back to; but it must be remembered that this simplicity requires an enormous amount of work and carefulness before the record can be of genuine utilitarian interest. Such work and carefulness have been expended over this little book, and its value to those concerned with music is, therefore, certain and undeniable.



MISS DESSAUER, THE NEW PIANIST.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

Many persons must be familiar with the name of Cadbury who are ignorant regarding the personality of the head of the great cocoa firm near Birmingham. Mr. George Cadbury, who is now nearing his three-score years, has been connected with the business since the middle of the 'fifties; then the firm employed only a dozen hands, and seemed a losing concern. During all the intervening years, Mr. Cadbury has exercised a personal supervision over every department of his now vast establishment. Mr. Cadbury was a vigorous supporter of the great municipal schemes initiated by Mr. Chamberlain in Birmingham; for many years he has been Chairman of the Liberal Association for the Northern Division of Worcestershire, and he has been asked to contest at least a dozen constituencies. Mr. Gladstone on one occasion urged him in a letter of four pages—which Mr. Cadbury greatly values—to stand for one of these. Rising at 6.30, Mr. Cadbury usually rides on horseback with his son as companion for half-an-hour before breakfast, cycles to business at 8.30, and remains at the works till 5.30. Mr. Cadbury is an influential member of the Society of Friends, and every Sunday morning he cycles into Birmingham, starting at 6.15 a.m., to meet a class which he has instructed for many years.

During the work of excavation at present going on in the ancient church of St. Mildred's, Bread Street, an interesting discovery has been made. About eighteen feet below the floor the workmen have found a coffin of Portland stone, overlaid with black marble, in which rest the remains of the great London merchant, Sir Nicholas Crisp. Born in 1598, he grew up in those stirring times when the English merchants were truly termed adventurers, and when their energy and enterprise were sending out ships to all quarters of the world. Sir Nicholas was not behindhand in the work. He organised the rich trade with Guinea, and built the Castle of Cormantin on the Gold Coast for its protection. He was one of the farmers of the King's Customs, and during the troubled times of the Great Rebellion he threw in his lot with Charles I. He assisted him to carry on the campaign with extraordinary sums of money, and acted as the intermediary between him and Queen Henrietta Maria for the transmission of arms and other supplies which the latter was able to collect abroad. When suspicion was aroused and he could no longer carry on this useful work, he raised a body of five hundred horse and joined the Royal Army.

In 1645 he was forced to fly to France, but was allowed to return before the close of the Commonwealth, and had the satisfaction of meeting Charles II. when he came to "enjoy his own again," and of resuming his old office as farmer of the Customs. His services were further rewarded with a baronetcy. His country house was at Hammersmith,



SIR NICHOLAS CRISP, WHOSE REMAINS HAVE BEEN RESURRECTED.

near the river, and he gave a large sum to the building of the parish church there, in which he erected a handsome monument in memory of Charles I. On his death-bed, he said to his grandson, "Lay my body in the family vault in the Parish Church of St. Mildred's, Bread Street, but let my heart be placed in an urn at my master's feet." His directions were carried out, and the urn, standing on a pedestal of black marble, is

still to be seen in Hammersmith Church. Sir Nicholas also left a sum of money in order that his heart might be refreshed with a glass of wine every year, and this singular bequest was carried out for more than a century. At the request of the Vicar and people of Hammersmith, leave



THESE ARE ONE AND THE SAME, NAMELY, MR. REEVES SMITH AS THE BRACE OF PARTRIDGES AT THE GARRICK THEATRE.

Photo by Thomas, Cheapside.

has been given for the coffin to be reinterred in the churchyard, instead of being transferred to Woking, so, after more than two hundred years, the body of the staunch old loyalist will be laid to rest near the urn in which his heart is enshrined and under the shadow of the church he did so much to found.

"Photography cannot lie." Can't it? Just look at this photograph. It represents Mr. Reeves Smith as the Hon. Arthur Partridge facing Mr. Reeves Smith as Alfred Partridge. I need hardly say that this does not occur on the stage. People don't do these things, as Ibsen has it. But photographers can.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree has published, under the guidance of the *West-End Review*—which, in passing, I may add, is a very charmingly got up monthly journal—a souvenir of "Julius Cæsar," at Her Majesty's Theatre. The souvenir itself I cannot see my way to praise, much as I should like to do so. Although two or three sketches by Mr. Herbert Railton have his usual charming atmosphere, the rest of the pictures are hideous and unattractive. Added to this, they are not well-balanced in position, as, for example, when a frightfully hard and impossible drawing of Cæsar and Calphurnia is made to face one of Mr. Railton's architectural efforts. Mr. Tree should have turned to Mr. Bernard Partridge, or some other really first-class black-and-white artist, to help him in preparing his souvenir.

This advertisement, which I cut from the *Telegraph*, strikes me as being quaint—

NOTICE.—In consequence of the great success of "Trelawny of the Wells," the management of the Hans Crescent Hotel, which is only a few minutes' walk from the Court Theatre, have arranged for a set Supper to be served nightly after the performance, for which tables can be booked by telephone direct from the theatre.—Court Theatre.

At the very time when the "split infinitive" was being discussed in the columns of more than one London journal, the correct use of a form of the possessive was exercising the minds of certain folks in Glasgow, with the result that the clerks in one of the banks in the "second city" still remain in doubt as to whether they should write "Kellas' account" or "Kellas's account." About the same time, strangely enough, a Transatlantic journal published a "Plea for the Semicolon," in the course of which the writer asserted that Mr. W. E. H. Lecky "developed the aggravating habit of what is known as close punctuation, but in his later works has come to see the disadvantages of jerkiness." Fashion in punctuation has somewhat altered, the writer seems to forget, since Mr. Lecky began to write, and the historian's printer is, in reality, the main factor in the change apparent in his later works. Matthew Arnold, Walter Pater, R. L. Stevenson, and Ruskin, whom the writer cites for their loyalty to the semicolon, have severally had the punctuation of their works moulded to a very considerable degree by the printer's reader. "Mark Rutherford" leaves the punctuation of his manuscript almost entirely to the press reader; Mr. Swinburne, on the other hand, demands close adherence to his "copy." No present-day writers make such free use of the colon and semicolon as Sir Walter Besant and Mr. Henley. Like Mr. Swinburne, the latter demands fidelity to his manuscript, and corrects his proofs very "heavily." It is strange, by the way, that Mr. Henley's use of the obsolete "an"—"For an two men ride," "and an two men join," occurred in an article of his in the *Outlook* the other day—in place of the conditional particle "if" has not evoked some comment.

The *Boy's Own Paper* reached its one thousandth weekly number on Saturday. Started in answer to the appeals of judges, magistrates, schoolmasters, parents, and others, with the sole idea of producing a paper that, while sufficiently attractive to win and hold the interest of boys of all classes, should yet be of genuine literary and artistic excellence and high moral tone—it caught on from the first, soon reaching a circulation of nearly two hundred thousand. It has subscribed for two lifeboats at £600 each; it has given £400 to one of the children's wards of the London Hospital, and £750 to form a "Gordon Memorial" ward at Dr. Barnardo's Homes. The editor, Mr. G. Andrew Hutchison, must be congratulated.

I am struck with astonishment when I consider how patiently the Englishman who has to travel over our various railway systems submits to the discomforts of the modern waiting-rooms. There are usually two entrances, and this arrangement results in an ever-present draught, even when both doors are closed. The hard, uncovered seats set against the wall are usually so highly polished that the careless loungee constantly finds himself slipping, and a comfortable pose is an impossibility. There is always a table in the waiting-room, but it is so far removed from the seats that you cannot make any use of it. Literature is limited to railway-guides and time-tables, neither of which can be said to provide exciting reading. I am told that a water-bottle and glass have been seen upon these tables, but am not prepared to vouch for the truth of the statement. In the depth of winter there is usually a fire in the grate—a very small fire, carefully battened down lest it should give out heat, while poker, shovel, and tongs are rigorously excluded, so that warmth can only be promoted at the expense of a walking-stick or umbrella. In short, the modern waiting-room is at once a discomfort and a disgrace.

Why should this be? At a very little cost, railway waiting-rooms might be made thoroughly comfortable, and the inconvenience of travelling to little towns and villages would be thereby reduced. Swing-doors padded to keep the winds of heaven outside, comfortable seats with no suggestion of a skating-rink surface about them, a table within reach of the seats and boasting a few newspapers—these improvements would cost companies very little, and there is more economy in the method than meets the eye. Every time a traveller forced to spend an hour in the average country waiting-room catches cold and dies the railway companies lose a patron, possibly a season-ticket holder. Then, too, the waiting-room often turns the scale in favour of bicycling to some desired haven. I do not think there can be much question of misuse at stake, as the rooms are only accessible to ticket-holders.

Salmon-poaching on the Tweed has recently reached such a pitch that the owners and lessees of casts on the once famous river have risen to cry for better administration of the fishery laws. The state of affairs is pretty well indicated by a fact revealed in the last annual report of the Tweed Commissioners, namely, that considerably over a thousand nets had been seized and destroyed during the three years preceding. The poaching is carried on in the tidal portions of the river at all seasons, the weekly "close time" of twenty-four hours being practically a dead letter, thanks to the poaching fraternity. Since the county police were relieved of

responsibility in regard to the fishery laws and the Tweed has been protected only by the water-bailiffs, matters have gone from bad to worse; and it is stated that the poachers are encouraged by the known antipathy of the local magistracy to the game and fishery laws. The poachers are far too numerous for the bailiffs to cope with, and, as they work in small gangs, it is as much as one man's life is worth to interfere with them when caught red-handed.

If British agriculture were blessed with a few more patrons as practical and generous as Sir Walter Gilbey, it would be a good thing for the country.

Sir Walter's last effort in the agricultural interest has been to offer a sum of two thousand pounds to provide for ten years a Reader in Agriculture at Cambridge University, provided that the Senate see its way to establish a special examination in agricultural science for the ordinary B.A. degree, analogous to the special "exams." in mechanics and music. This offer was made known by Sir Ernest Clarke, secretary to the Royal Agricultural Society, in his series of lectures at Cambridge.

Despite the increasing difficulties of hunting a pack of foxhounds, the number of retiring Masters who have no successors prepared to fill their places is comparatively small this season. No doubt, we shall hear of others before the end of the month, but up to the time of writing eleven resignations had been sent in, and of the vacancies so caused four were filled at once, leaving seven packs to look for Masters for next season. The prevalence of wire and the impossibility of hunting ground where the residents care more for the gun than for horse and hound are tendered as the reasons in some cases; in one case, that of the Meynell, Mr. Hamar Bass, M.P., retires because he finds he cannot do his duty both to the Hunt and his constituents. Wouldn't it have been better to have docked his name of the "M.P." than the "M.F.H."?

The Hunter Show at Islington brought forth a smaller number of horses than usual—only 323 against 392 last year. The falling-off was noticeable chiefly in the hunter classes, but fewer animals were



JUDGING THE HORSES AT ISLINGTON.



MR. L. BROADBENT'S RED AND WHITE BULL, CEDAR'S PRIDE.



MR. H. K. DYKE'S RED BULL, WESTER LAD.

catalogued in the classes for officers' chargers, and for young horses likely to make chargers. The thoroughbred stallions which competed for the Queen's premiums numbered exactly the same as last year,

fifty-seven Aides-de-Camp general, including two Field-M Marshals, one High Admiral, forty-two Generals-in-Chief, ten Lieutenant-Generals, and two Major-Generals; while the Czarina has in her suite seven



MR. A. O. HASLEWOOD'S FOUR POSTER, BY ISONOMY.



MR. GEORGE DU CROS' BUTTON PARK, BY AVONTES.

116 sires again taking part in the contest for twenty-nine premiums of £150 each, and they were judged by Viscount Valentia, the Rev. Cecil Legard, and Mr. R. A. Oswald, representing Ireland, England, and Scotland respectively.

One of my young men adds to the verses on the British Museum which appeared in these columns last week—

Others—but these are favoured wits—
Have seats that none may violate;
E.g., great Rawson Gardiner sits
By ancient right near P.P.8;
While one, with waterproof at ease,
Cons Syriac Scriptures in the C's.

Sometimes—I've done it once or twice—
You may encounter Mr. Lang.
You know him by his quaint device
Of whiskers (piebald) and the twang
Of Southern Scots upon his lip—
A sign as certain as "The Ship."

Elsewhere in this issue will be found a page dealing with Omar Khayyám. I may note that the *Indian Magazine*, a threepenny monthly published by Messrs. Constable, of Westminster, prints at length the address on the Persian delivered the other week at the Imperial Institute by Mr. B. B. Nagaskar, of Bombay.

Some painstaking chronicler of Court gossip has taken the trouble to make out a classified list of the distinguished suites attending upon the Czar and the Czarina. The Emperor of all the Russias has, it seems,

Major-Generals and thirty-three Aides, the latter comprising seventeen Colonels, seven Captains of various grades, seven Lieutenants, and two Cornets. Of the ninety-seven more or less illustrious personages just specified, eighty-four belong to the Russian Army and thirteen to the Navy. Seventeen of them, it should further be noted, are members of the Imperial family.

It seems that it is in the New World, and not in the Old, that one must seek for long pedigrees and the descendants of ancient kings. According to a Paris journal, the wives of Yankee millionaires are beginning to find out that their ancestors are second to none. For instance, Mrs. Vanderbilt claims lineal descent from Charlemagne, and Mrs. Astor from Hugues Capet. Not such a bad couple of ancestors.

Dean Spence, of Gloucester, formerly the Vicar of St. Pancras, is occupying his leisure time in literary pursuits, which have before now yielded him good fruit. The work upon which Dr. Spence is now engaged is an extensive one, being a history of the Church of England.

At the corner of our street (writes a correspondent) a well-known newspaper office advertises on placards a new serial story, "The Price of a Soul." At the opposite corner of the same street is a fishmonger's shop with a notice-board posted up outside to this effect, "Soles 1s. per pound."



VISCOUNT CRICHTON AND HIS CHARGER, CARBINE.



MR. HOOLEY'S MARIONE, BY MACARONI (BRED BY LORD ROSEBERY).



MR. F. W. G. GRESWOLDE WILLIAMS' "Q.C.," BY WISDOM.

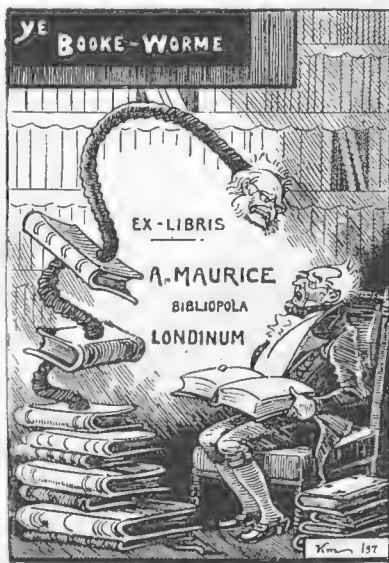
Dr. Hermann Adler, the Chief Rabbi of the Ashkenaz Jewish Communities of the British Empire, has had his book-plate designed by Mr. Frank Emanuel, who was responsible for Messrs. Meyers' catalogue reproduced in these columns the other day. The Chief Rabbi's duties are multifarious. The Jewish Communities of the world consist roughly



BOOK-PLATE OF THE CHIEF RABBI.

of the Ashkenazim, or German Jews, and the Sephardim, or Spanish and Portuguese community. The last-named, though scattered all over the world, is numerically of little consequence, the German Jewish community being far larger. Dr. Adler, who is in his sixtieth year, is a remarkable man: His knowledge is very great, and embraces subjects innumerable; indeed, as he was the son of the late Chief Rabbi, and always intended for the ministry, his life has been given to study. At the age of twenty-two he was a Doctor of Philosophy, and a year later was made a Rabbi. For many years he acted as minister of the Bayswater Synagogue, and nearly twenty years ago was appointed Delegate Chief Rabbi, as his father's great age prevented him from carrying out all his many duties. This post Dr. Hermann Adler retained for twelve years, and when his father died, some seven years ago, he succeeded to his position as well as duties. The work he has to accomplish would baffle many a capable man, for, in addition to the social duties devolving upon him as the representative of British Jewry, he is President of the Jewish Ecclesiastical Court, or *Beth Din*, President of the Jews' College and Jewish Historical Society, minister of the Duke's Place Synagogue, Vice-President of the Anglo-Jewish Association and Jewish Education Board, an Examiner to the College of Preceptors, Vice-President of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, contributor from time to time to learned reviews, a preacher and a lecturer in many places, and all the while he finds time to attend to the multitudinous calls upon his time made from all parts of the British dominions to settle the innumerable questions of observance he is authorised to decide. The Chief Rabbi is a ready and fluent public speaker and a gifted conversationalist, whose fund of Talmudical stories is apparently inexhaustible. Needless to say, there are many Jews who differ from their ecclesiastical chief in matters upon which a layman may rightly have an independent point of view, but the differences are purely political. Dr. Adler himself is liked and admired by Jews of every shade of thought, even despite the fact that he is opposed to Zionism.

The English Zionist Conference, held on March 6 at the Clerkenwell Town Hall, was a very great success, and proved that the movement towards nationality has taken a strong hold upon the Jews. Ten thousand workers from all over the country were represented at the conference, which, with two intervals for refreshment, lasted fourteen hours. The speakers included many men whose gifts make the longest debates endurable, and it was finally decided to accept the programme of Dr. Herzl's Congress and to work in unison with the central committee at Vienna. While it is quite impossible to predicate the results of the world-wide movement in which people see such varied significance, it is clear that there is an enormous body of Jews who, despite the most commonplace and uninspiring occupation and surroundings, nourish a high ideal and are prepared to make many sacrifices to bring about its realisation. It is curious, but significant, that the wealthiest section of the Jewish community was conspicuous by its absence last Sunday week; the hardest-working, keenest-thinking, and most orthodox elements had the crowded meeting to themselves. The practical resolution arrived at was the federation of all the various Zionist bodies in the United Kingdom—a step that will do a great deal to move matters along and to give to the movement in England the practical direction that it urgently requires.



A BOOKSELLER'S BOOK-PLATE.

It is true that the Post Office has been generous in the matter of inland rates, but do not overstrain the good impulse of St. Martin's-le-Grand by including your foreign letters under the new rule of a penny for four ounces. The Postmaster-General, as you will see from the accompanying print, does not like that. So he adds a new *Punch*-ism—"Don't."

M. Robert de la Sizeranne, French lecturer and dilettante in letters, sensation hunting, has discovered Ruskin. Paris is in raptures; it receives "The Stones of Venice" as a new Apocalypse, and the foundation has been laid for a brand-new cult. This is the fact; it is brand-new in Paris, and herein seems at first the single point for surprise. On second thought, however, it is not so strange that a thing should be discovered long after it is officially known to exist; it is only what will happen when the first man reaches the North Pole, and there is more in the matter.

There is this new-fangled way of making discoveries in the middle of a civilised land without budging a foot out of one's slippers. The Parisian sometimes casts an eye on a certain neighbouring folk that with bad taste trot the earth, setting up vulgar market-places in domains better left to mystery and dreams. If he takes an occasional hand, it is by way of protestation. In his heart he believes this sort of thing simple, and his reason tells him that, since there is a physical limit to the earth, this is a mere transitory way of making discoveries. The man that built the North Pole in the Rue Blanche understood the Parisian taste for outside adventures. The only æsthetic, the sole polite way, to make a discovery is that pursued by M. de la Sizeranne. His countrymen are as obliged to him as if he had gone out and got a red nose and found one of the Poles. And they are quite right.

There is this in it also. If the French have allowed Ruskin to consume fifty years in coming to Paris by the flowery highway instead of by the common rail, it is not Ruskin that is likely to complain. The prophet and the people to whom he has come understand each other marvellously. It is in Paris that Ruskin's temple will be built.

On Feb. 26, the ninety-sixth anniversary of the birth of the poet, "Victor Hugo's Letters" appeared in print. This correspondence stretches over the period from 1836 to 1882, and comprises letters on every subject—the Revolution of '48, the Coup d'État, the Franco-Prussian War, &c.—addressed to everyone of note in France, from Chateaubriand, Lamartine, Georges Sand, and Dumas, to Rochefort, Sardou, and François Coppée.

A special commission deputed by the Institute is putting things straight among the collections at Chantilly. The museum there contains many treasures, among them a hundred and eleven Poussins, and there is a wonderful collection of rare medals. The library possesses 24,000 volumes, some of great value, 1450 manuscripts, and many interesting autograph letters. The public will not be allowed to visit the library and museum without obtaining special permission.

There has been much talk in Paris lately over the sale of Fragonard's panels to M. Wertheimer, and many regret that the Municipality of Grasse did not combine to purchase these works of art in order to prevent their leaving their native land. Grasse was Fragonard's birth-place, and it was there that he took refuge in 1793, half-ruined, and terrified at the wave of blood that was passing over France. He brought with him the famous panels which he had painted for Madame Dubarry, and placed them for safety in the house of his godfather, M. Maubert. He had recourse to all sorts of tricks to preserve them, and insisted on decorating the hall and staircase of the house with Phrygian caps, lieters' fasces, and portraits of Robespierre and other demagogues, in order to divert the attention of the Terrorists.

Unfortunately there are very few of Fragonard's masterpieces to be found in the Louvre. There is his picture of "The High Priest Coréus Sacrificing himself to save Callirhoe," a more serious piece of work than we are accustomed to from his brush, the delicious "Music Lesson," and a landscape. Besides these there are nine drawings, including some delightful little sketches of heads, and some miniatures. It is, however, in the Lacaze Gallery that the largest collection of his paintings is to be found. Eleven of his most charming works, including "The Bathers," "The Sleeping Bacchante," "Music," and "The Storm," have found a home there, and delight the eye of the beholder by their infinite charm.

**INSUFFICIENTLY
PAID LETTERS FOR
PLACES ABROAD.**

THE Postmaster General is informed that, since the weight allowed for a postage of 1d. was raised to 4 oz. in the case of inland letters, there has been an increase in the number of letters for places abroad which have been posted insufficiently prepaid.

Attention is therefore called to the fact that, as far as letters addressed to places abroad are concerned, no reduction of postage or increase of the weight allowed has taken place.

The postage to be prepaid on such letters is still 2½d. per ½ oz.

By Command of the Postmaster General.

CENTRAL POST OFFICE,
16b, March 1898.

(109) Printed by the Government Printer, at the Office of the Postmaster General, 10b, March 1898.



A STUDY IN SHADOWS.

THE GREAT PUBLISHING HOUSES

MESSRS. J. M. DENT AND CO.

It has fallen to the lot of more than one of the earlier articles of this series to give many interesting details concerning the enormous traffic in cheap reprints that has long been carried on, and is still on the increase, in all classes of literature, but more particularly in the domain of imaginative work in prose and verse such as the latter-day publisher loves to describe as "belles lettres." Several of our leading publishers



MR. J. M. DENT.

Photo by Hollyer, Pembroke Square, W.

have been long and honourably associated with this important branch of the book trade, but to Mr. J. M. Dent belongs the distinction of having realised that there was a large public still unsatisfied—a public that wanted either to renew old friendships with its favourite essayists, novelists, and poets, or (yet happier lot!) to experience the joy of the soul's first "adventures among masterpieces" under the most favourable conditions ever to be expected from the joint labours of printer, binder, and decorative artist. Whether Mr. Dent merely realised the existence of such a demand, or whether he has created it by the outward and visible graces with which he has endowed his editions of many an English classic, is a question bordering too dangerously upon economic debate for present consideration. Mr. Dent has the benefit of the doubt.

Born at Darlington, in the county of Durham, Mr. Dent served an early apprenticeship to the bookbinder's craft in his native town, and, as a lad of eighteen, made his way to London, where his elder brother was in business as a printer. The idea was that Mr. Dent should join forces with his brother, and that their two crafts should supplement each other; but the brother died soon afterwards, and Mr. J. M. Dent practically began his life in London alone.

In the course of a long struggle to make his way as a bookbinder, Mr. Dent hit upon the idea of buying up quires of certain books for which there was likely to be a continuous demand, and binding them up in artistic fashion for occasional sale to the booksellers. For some ten years this remained his nearest approach to the responsibilities of book production; but the true-born bookman's instincts were strong within him, and he was not satisfied. The really good editions, tastefully printed on paper such as would lend itself to handsome bindings, were too rare in the book market to serve his turn, and at last Mr. Dent began to ask himself more and more frequently why he did not himself produce the kind of volumes he desired to see upon the market. The ultimate outcome of this book-loving discontent was the publication in 1888—just ten years ago—of the delightful two-volume "Elia and Eliana," edited by Mr. Birrell, which inaugurated "The Temple Library," and has since become an object of every book-collector's desire. Goldsmith's Plays and Poems followed, edited by Mr. Austin Dobson, and the long since familiar series, which subsequently included Landor's "Pericles and Aspasia," and the collected poems of Thomas Lovell Beddoes, secured the attention of book-lovers for the future wares of the new publishing house.

The success of the Lamb and the Goldsmith volumes may be said to have formed the turning-point in Mr. Dent's career. It was in many respects the happiest incident in his life, he will tell you, for from boyhood these works had held front rank, in his literary affections, and it had long been a dream of his to provide them with a new and worthily distinctive setting. To his great content, the public reception of these volumes was so friendly that he entirely ceased to work for other people, and devoted himself heart and soul to the production of books which it was his aim to endow with a genuine bookish feeling in the matter of their *format*. Mr. Dent has never been a Sir Benjamin Backbite, to desire "a neat rivulet of text meandering through a meadow of margin," but the precious stores of imaginative literature ought, to his thinking, to find a seemly setting. Save in the case of a few sumptuous and costly library editions or an occasional volume of verse, there had then been no attempt—no systematic one, at any rate—

to suit the *format* of a book to the character of its subject-matter. It was just this harmony, to put it briefly, that Mr. Dent set himself to attain, bringing to his self-imposed task a true bookman's instincts backed up by a thorough knowledge of the several processes necessary to the making of a book. In his technical experience of printing, binding, and the whole work of book-production, Mr. Dent may be said, indeed, to have recaptured some of the artist quality of the mediæval craftsman, and in this, no doubt, lies half the secret of his success.

To return to the contents of Mr. Dent's now goodly catalogue, however, it is alike interesting and satisfactory to learn that the handsome collected edition of Walter Savage Landor's works, to which the publisher was inspired by the success of "Pericles and Aspasia" in the "Temple Library," proved at the time, and has since remained, a genuine though moderate success. The sale for this fine set of volumes has never been large, but it has covered the cost of production and fully redeemed the undertaking from the anticipated character of a forlorn hope. The dainty little edition of Peacock's tales which followed was also a moderate success, much to everyone's surprise, but publisher and public alike have since been astonished at the great revival of interest in the novels of Jane Austen, to which the vogue of Mr. Dent's charming reprint has testified. The sale of these dainty little volumes has reached a total of some seventy thousand since their first appearance barely eight years ago.

Surprised as she might be to know it—let us hope that the knowledge has been conveyed to her in the Elysian Fields as supplement to the praises of Macaulay!—Jane Austen brought about the consolidation of the large business of which the personality is still summed up in Mr. J. M. Dent and his son. The success of her novels in their new garb proved conclusively the demand for decorative publishing, when applied to works which the British householder has elected to describe as "standard," and Mr. Dent set himself to the reissuing of other authors in equally tasteful style. Fielding's works, edited by Professor Saintsbury, formed the next completed set, and, though their sale in their new guise has not come anywhere near that of the Austen novels, it has quite satisfied the publisher's expectations. Laurence Sterne, the next of these old-world worthies to be included in Mr. Dent's catalogue, fell short of Fielding in revived popularity, but there remains a regular though not very large sale for all these collected editions. To the Brontë sisters falls the latter-day distinction of approaching most nearly to Jane Austen in the sale of these particular reprints. For the right to include "Villette" and "The Professor," which were still copyright, in the set, Mr. Dent paid over to Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co. the sum of five hundred pounds, but it is interesting to know that he got his money back more than twice over within a year. The novels of Susan Ferrier, Maria Edgeworth, and Fanny Burney have since been added to this tasteful library of fiction, in which Mr. Dent hopes to include yet other favourite authors of a bygone age.

Having proved the popular interest in reprints of famous novels, Mr. Dent boldly reverted to the policy inaugurated by his first venture, "The Temple Library," and set himself to reissue a number of masterpieces of English literature in handy form. The small, square volumes of "The Temple Shakespeare," each containing a single play, are now so familiar to the eye and hand that it is interesting to know that this admirable edition owed its origin to the Toynbee Hall Shakspeare Society, of which Mr. Dent was at one time secretary. The reading aloud of Shakspeare's plays by the members of the club was so frequently confused by the variant readings of different editions, the absence of numbered lines, and other causes of misunderstanding, that Mr. Dent conceived and carried out the edition which a large public has since agreed with him to consider the ideal pocket Shakspeare. Mr. Dent takes a pride in ascribing the origin of this undertaking to the Toynbee Shakspeare Society, for he reckons among the privileges of his life his constant association with the scholarly influences of which Toynbee Hall is a centre.

The success of "The Temple Shakespeare" primarily inspired "The Temple Dramatists" series of plays by the other Elizabethans and the later inheritors of their art, and indirectly begot the dainty pocket series, which, under the general title of "The Temple Classics," now includes Lamb's Essays, Malory's "Morte d'Arthur," Boswell's Johnson, Carlyle's "French Revolution," and other works of enduring interest. Mr. Dent's latest essay in the production of masterpieces in miniature, his edition of the Waverley Novels, is not yet completed, but, with its clear type, pliant but opaque paper, and flexible binding, has already established itself high in the regard of Sir Walter's great following.

If the smaller volumes of Mr. Dent's catalogue have too long excluded from this article his more sumptuous wares, the excuse must lie in their strong and distinctive hold on the book-buying taste of the day; but allusion at least must be made to such handsome library books as the "Morte d'Arthur" of Mr. Aubrey Beardsley's pictorial imagining, the "Faerie Queene" of Mr. Fairfax Muckley's romantic fancy, and the many-volumed English reprints of Dumas and Balzac. Among the modern authors who have appeared in such illustrious company are Mr. H. G. Wells, Miss Jane Barlow, and Mr. F. A. Anstey, nor must certain delightfully fantastic children's books pass quite unnoted. Finally, there is Mr. Dent's latest property, the *Idler* magazine, acquired since his removal from St. James's to the larger premises in Bedford Street lately vacated by the Macmillans. This popular monthly Mr. Dent intends to remodel as time goes on. While retaining much of its light and popular character, he hopes to secure an added something of that literary flavour which the Johnsonian interpretation of its title might well imply, and, on the illustrative side, Mr. Dent, with his belief in the younger art of the day, hopes to make it the most artistic magazine in England.

ARTHUR HUTCHINSON.

THE CURSE OF CANE.

SOME FACTS ABOUT BOUNTY-FULL SUGAR.

The questions involved in an impartial consideration of the bounty system are so varied, and the attendant circumstances so complicated, as to render it difficult for the casual newspaper-reader to attain a comprehensive grasp of the subject. I propose in this article to attempt to divest the question from its many side-issues and to put the bare facts before the reader in such a way as to enable him to form his own opinion on the circumstances of the case.

England has for many years been the largest consumer of sugar in the world, and, notwithstanding the marked increase in the consumption of other countries—in the case of the United States amounting to close upon 100 per cent. in ten years—we still maintain our lead in the matter of our sweet tooth. The actual average annual consumption per head in different countries, as shown by the latest returns, is as follows: Great Britain, 86 lb.; United States, 65 lb.; Denmark, 43 lb.; Switzerland, 42 lb.; France, 28 lb.; Germany, 27 lb.

Until late years, the bulk of the sugar consumed in Great Britain was obtained from the West Indian Islands and British Guiana. As recently as 1861 the British colonies supplied no less than 63 per cent. of all the sugar consumed in this country; but the trade attracted the attention of the foreigner, with the result that, after a struggle, he has practically driven us out of our own market by a system of bounties paid by the Government to the manufacturers of beet sugar. The remarkable results which have followed the introduction of an artificially created trade are shown in the following figures—

RETURN OF SUGAR IMPORTED INTO GREAT BRITAIN.				
	1869.	1884	1894.	
Total Import	436,000 tons	1,200,000 tons	1,413,000 tons	
From British Colonies (cane)	64 per cent.	21 per cent.	11 per cent.	
From Foreign Colonies (cane)	30 "	28 "	11 "	
From the Continent (beet sugar)	6 "	51 "	78 "	

It is only necessary to mention that the foreign bounty system started in 1884. The custom of offering bounties with the object of encouraging trade is extremely old. It has often been employed in England, notably in the bounty on linen, which was not abolished until 1830. There used also to be a bounty payable on all corn exported from the country. The French also have for many years granted bounties to encourage the cod fishery on the Newfoundland banks, and these, as well as the bounty on ships built in the country, are still paid by the Government.

The colonial sugar industry of Great Britain, at one time a prosperous calling, has suffered many disabilities. The abolition of slavery hit the

planters hard for a while, in giving an enormous advantage in the cost of production to the Spanish and Portuguese colonies where slavery still obtained. The outcry which the new régime caused in the West Indies was eventually silenced by the imposition of increased duty on all slave-grown sugar coming into Great Britain; but this benefit was short-lived, and the old days of extreme prosperity came to an end with the introduction of Free Trade, which once more brought the foreigner into full competition with the British colonies.

The manufacture of beet sugar was entered on commercially early in the 'fifties, and the process rapidly improved. In 1884 the bounty system was inaugurated, every manufacturer receiving a gratuity equal to the import duty on the article he exports. The amount of the bounties paid in different countries varies from £4 10s. in France to £1 15s. in Germany and £1 10s. in Austria. The average may be taken at £2 a ton. This system enables the manufacturer to put down the price at which he sells his produce in this country £2 lower—if need be—than that necessary to ensure a profit to the colonial producer who is not similarly bounty-fed by his Government. The relative cost of manufacturing sugar from cane and from beet is practically identical, and the bountied foreigner is therefore able to undersell the British manufacturers hopelessly, with the result that the price of sugar in this country has fallen from 29s. the hundredweight in 1881 to 8s. 6d. to-day, while the relative importance of the British colonies and the foreigner is practically reversed. The actual contrast between our colonies and the foreigner in point of production is shown by the figures for 1896, which give the value of colonial sugar imported at £4,380,000, and that of beet at £14,000,000. Thus is the bounteous East despoiling the bountiful West!

What is Great Britain going to do to stave off its oldest colonies from impending ruin? It has been proposed to raise duties on all foreign-made sugar coming into this country, thereby giving preference to the West Indian produce. To this suggestion it is objected by Free Traders that such action would be a return to Protection, and that it would further cause a rise in the price of sugar.

The second suggestion is that the foreigner should be fought with his own weapons, and that the British planter should be accorded a bounty to the same amount as that received by the foreigner; to which it is objected that such a course would be an interference with the best interests of trade, and that foreign bounties do benefit the consumer in providing cheap sugar, while British bounties would result in dear sugar.

The third somewhat Utopian scheme is to abolish the foreign bounty system by mutual agreement after conference with the countries concerned, but it is scarcely likely that this course would be possible, and it need, therefore, not be seriously considered.

A. K.



BREAKFAST-TIME OF THE SUGAR-CANE GATHERERS.

THE CURIOUS CAREER OF THE KIRKPATRICKS.

AND HOW THEY BEGAT THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE.

You have a vague idea, perhaps, that the Empress Eugénie is "of Scotch descent." But if you were asked to prove the statement, could you hope to do so on the spur of the moment? Yet it is a matter of recent history, for her grandfather, William Kirkpatrick, who was a thoroughbred Scot, died the year of Queen Victoria's accession. His was an old family. Every traceable old family is interesting. Its ups and downs in fortune, its persistence, its dispersals, and its returnings to a common point after many generations are as full of romance as any fiction. Romance and to spare is certainly to be found in a slender quarto volume (of fifty-five pages), called "Chronicles of the Kirkpatrick Family," which has just been privately printed. Not that the author, Mr. Alexander de Lapere Kirkpatrick, has an eye for effect. On the contrary, he has simply constructed a series of genealogical tables, pieced together with rather heterogeneous extracts from peerages and the like; but the romance is there all the same, if you care to reconstruct his

book and put flesh on the skeleton, as I shall attempt to do.

Tradition has long declared that the Kirkpatricks are descended from the giant Finn Mac-Cual, King of the Fenians, about A.D. 200. However that may be, they were settled in Nithsdale and Galloway as early as the ninth century; though the Jacobite troubles in Scotland in 1690 drove one of them back to Erin, where they now flourish in great abundance. Indeed, the Kirkpatrick of Closeburne of to-day is so only in name, for, though he is the head of the house, he lives at Forest Hill, S.E.

At the close of the fifteenth century the family divided into two parts. It was their devotion to the House of Stuart which brought this about, for the younger son distinguished himself against the English at the battle of Burnswark Hill, in 1484, where he captured the Earl of Douglas, and James III. gave him the lands of Kirkmichael in Dumfriesshire. And it was the same devotion to the Stuarts centuries afterwards, when that unhappy house was veering towards



THE HOUSE, 3A, KING STREET, ST. JAMES'S,
WHERE NAPOLEON III. LIVED IN EXILE.

Photo by Bolas, Ludgate Hill.

disaster, that brought about the second great division in the Kirkpatricks. The head of the family, Thomas Closeburne, was rewarded for his faithfulness to Charles I. by being made a baronet in 1685. His kinsman Robert, the Kirkmichael representative, lost his head for the same generous enthusiasm, for he followed Prince Charlie; while his elder brother George, foreseeing doom, had escaped to Ireland in 1690, taking an open boat from Galloway to the Giant's Causeway. His descendants—located now at Coolmine and Drumcondra, County Dublin, and at Donacomper, County Kildare—are far the most numerous branch of the family—so much so, indeed, that Mr. Kirkpatrick, who is one of these Coolmines, has devoted most space to them, forgetful that the Closeburnes are still head of the house.

Not only, however, did the Kirkpatricks go to Ireland; William, the grandson of the beheaded Robert, took himself off to Malaga, in Spain, and established himself as a fruit and wine merchant. From this time—towards the end of the eighteenth century—until 1871 his branch of the family was unknown to England. True, he never forgot his kith and kin. He once visited Dublin, and used to send his cousins gifts of fruit from the sunny Spanish shore. In return, he asked one of them (in 1814) to remember him. "When an opportunity occurs of recommending my house," he wrote from Malaga, "I beg you will not fail to do so to any of your friends in the habit of speculating in this quarter." He married the daughter of the Baron de Grivegnée, and had three

daughters. The girls were educated in Paris, being detained there nine years on account of the war with England, and returning to Spain in 1814. Meantime they had visited England, and were among the first to appear in high bonnets there, creating a great sensation. One of them married the Count Cabarras; another married her cousin, and became plain Mrs. Kirkpatrick; while the third, Marie Manuelita Elizabeth, made a great match, for she married Don Cipriano de Palafox, Count de Montijo, one of the grandest grandees of Spain.

The Count was what Koko called a "tremendous swell." His title went back to 1292, and dukes galore were able to trace their origin to the great house of Guzman. The Count's immediate grandfather defended Saragossa against the French, while the Count himself fought for France in the Peninsular War as a colonel of artillery. At the battle of Salamanca he lost an eye and had his leg fractured. When the French Army was driven out, he went to Paris and was decorated by Napoleon I., who later confided to him the task of tracing out the fortifications of Paris, and of defending the Buttes de St. Chaumont. In exercising these duties it is said that he fired the last guns thundered on Paris in 1814. When about to marry Miss Kirkpatrick, it was necessary for him, as a grandee of Spain, to obtain the King's consent. Genealogists were set to work on the Kirkpatrick pedigree. When Ferdinand saw it he gave his consent. "Let the good man marry the daughter of Fingal," quoth he, and the wedding bells rang merrily.

The beautiful Countess had two daughters. One (born 1825) became Duchess of Alba. The other, Marie Eugénie de Guzman et Porto-Carrero, was born at Grenada in 1829, and on the death of her father, when she was ten, she became Countess de Téba and Marquise de Moya. In 1853 she reached a point of eminence that she could scarcely have dreamt of even in her giddiest flights of imagination, for she married Napoleon III., and became Empress of France. From this point her career is a matter of thrilling history. During the last five-and-twenty years the Empress has been among ourselves, having returned to the island of her fathers for the same sort of reason that her ancestor had to leave it a century before. Indeed, the story of the Kirkpatricks is full of such little ironies.

William Kirkpatrick, as he wrote to one of his kinsfolk in Dublin, was "ruined by the French invasion of Spain." *Per contra*, his granddaughter, the Spaniard, invaded France by marrying Napoleon III.

One of the Irish Kirkpatricks, Henry, a Lieutenant in our Navy, was captured by Napoleon I., and spent three such wretched years in a French prison that he died soon after his release. *Per contra*, his kinswoman Eugénie was honoured with the hand and heart of Napoleon III.

William, a brother of the Lieutenant, served with the British Army in Spain during the Peninsular War, and succumbed to fever. *Per contra*, William of Malaga became rich among the Spaniards.

The Kirkpatricks were ousted by the Hanoverians because of their devotion to the Stuarts. *Per contra*, the Empress Eugénie has no warmer friend than the head of the House of Hanover, Queen Victoria.

After being long separated from her house by many interests, and in point of time, the Empress is now within easy distance of the chief of the Kirkpatricks, for Sir James Kirkpatrick of Closeburne, who is a Clerk in the Admiralty, resides at Forest Hill, while the Empress has made her home at Farnborough. One would like to know whether the two are acquainted with one another; the genealogist of the family tells



MEDAL STRUCK TO COMMEMORATE THE EMPRESS
EUGÉNIE'S VISIT TO LONDON IN 1855.



THE PRESENT HEAD OF THE KIRKPATRICKS,
SIR JAMES KIRKPATRICK, BART.

Photo by Hallier, Sydenham.

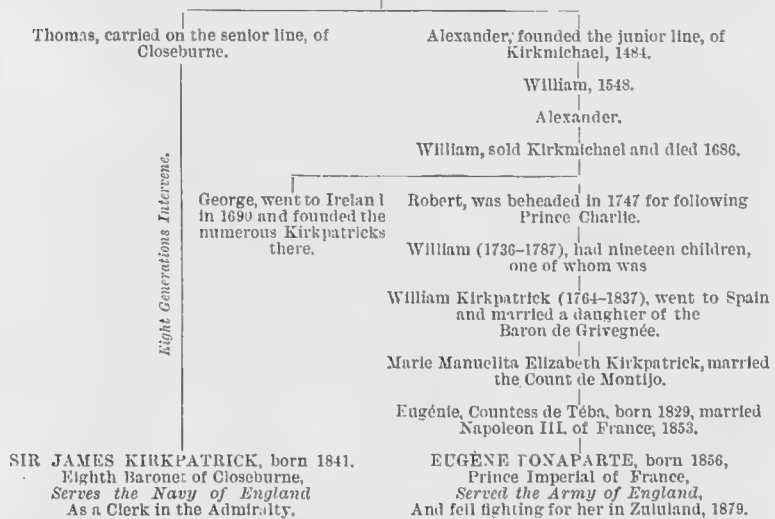
us naught. At any rate, in one sense, both the Empress and the Baronet of Closeburne are exiles, for the baronet has no estates in Scotland now, while the house at Closeburne was razed to the ground by fire exactly a hundred and fifty years ago. It is interesting, however, to think that



THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE AS SHE LOOKED FORTY-TWO YEARS AGO.
From an Old Lithograph.

both have served England—the baronet representing the Navy, while, in the person of the Prince Imperial, who was killed in Zululand in 1879, Eugénie gave a good soldier to the Army. Thrones have risen and fallen; dynasties have come and gone; but the Kirkpatricks thus become reunited in a common service to England, once their common foe.

ROGER KIRKPATRICK, of Closeburne, Dumfriesshire, flourished in 1435.



This table shows how the Kirkpatricks have divided, and how they became reunited in SERVING ENGLAND.

The continuance of the Closeburne line is assured, for Sir James Kirkpatrick has four sons (the eldest is four-and-twenty) and two daughters. Though the Empress Eugénie's son is dead, her house is not extinct, for the descendants of her sister, the Duchess of Alba, who was born in 1825 and died in 1860, are still living. In fact, this alliance was more interesting than the Empress Eugénie's great marriage, for it demonstrates the tendencies of the Kirkpatricks. The nobleman whom Marie Kirkpatrick (Eugénie's elder sister) married in 1844 was not only Duke of Alba, but also Duke of Berwick-upon-Tweed; and that takes us back to those same Stuarts who brought such trouble to the Kirkpatricks. The first

Duke of Berwick-upon-Tweed, James FitzJames, was one of five natural children whom Arabella Churchill, sister of John, Duke of Marlborough, bore to James II. As everybody knows, his Grace was a gallant soldier, and, strange to say, he was fighting in Ireland for his father at the very time that George Kirkpatrick was settling down there. He took part in the siege of Londonderry and the Battle of the Boyne, was attainted in 1695, and went to France, where he was naturalised in 1703, and served with great distinction in the army. He was afterwards created a Grandee of Spain—whither William Kirkpatrick afterwards went—and fell fighting at the siege of Philipsburg in 1734. Unlike the Kirkpatricks, however, he did not try to put his legitimate brother, James III., the Old Pretender, on the throne. His grandson, the third Duke, married a daughter of the Duke of Alba, and took that title also. The nobleman whom the Empress Eugénie's sister married was eighth Duke of Berwick and fifteenth Duke of Alba. He died in 1881, at the age of sixty, leaving Carlos as his successor, and a daughter, Marie, who married the Duke de Tames. Carlos has three children, namely, Jacobo Stuart y Falcó Portocarrero y Osorio, born in 1878. He is now Duke of Huescar, and will one day be Duke of Berwick-upon-Tweed and Duke of Alba (and also Duke of Liria y Xérica, Duke of Olivares and of Peñaranda, to say nothing of his holding twelve Marquisates and fourteen Count-titles). His sister, named after his aunt, Eugénie, was born in 1880; while his younger brother, Fernando, was born in 1882. It is strange to find the Kirkpatricks thus carrying on the line of Stuart at the present day.

The Irish branches of the Kirkpatricks have prospered greatly. George made a fortune, probably because he practised the advice which he wrote in his Bible—

Alexander Kirkpatrick
Bought this book;
God give him greas theron to look.

He was well aware that money was not everything, for he also scrawled—

God made man, and man made money;
God made bees, and bees made honey;
God made Satain, Satain made sin;
God made hell and put Satain in.

His eldest son became High Sheriff of Dublin, though he declined the Lord Mayorship. One of his grandsons, Alexander, sold his patrimony (in Wicklow) to help Lord Byron in the expedition in Greece, and died



THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE'S MOTHER, WHO WAS MISS MARIE KIRKPATRICK.
Photo by Disderi, Paris.

there during the war of 1824. At the present time the Kirkpatricks are to be found all over the world practising all the professions, notably soldiering. But they are proudest of all of "L'Impératrice Eugénie," to whom this pamphlet is dedicated.

J. M. BULLOCK.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE FAITHFUL AMULET.

BY W. C. MORROW.

A quaint old rogue, who called himself Rabaya, the Mystic, was one of the many extraordinary characters of that odd corner of San Francisco known as the Latin Quarter. His business was the selling of charms and amulets, and his generally harmless practices received an impressive aspect from his Hindu parentage, his great age, his small, wizened frame, his deeply wrinkled face, his outlandish dress, and the barbaric fittings of his den.

One of his most constant customers was James Freeman, the half-piratical owner and skipper of the *Blue Crane*. This queer little barkentine, of light tonnage but wonderful sailing qualities, is remembered in every port between Sitka and Callao. All sorts of strange stories are told of her exploits, but these mostly were manufactured by superstitious and highly imaginative sailors, who commonly demonstrate the natural affinity existing between idleness and lying. It has been said not only that she engaged in smuggling, piracy, and "black-birding" (which is kidnapping Gilbert Islanders and selling them to the coffee-planters of Central America), but that she maintained special relations with Satan, founded on the power of mysterious charms which her skipper was supposed to have procured from some mysterious source and was known to employ on occasion. Beyond the information which his manifests and clearance papers divulged, nothing of his supposed shady operations could be learned either from him or his crew; for his sailors, like him, were a strangely silent lot—all sharp, keen-eyed young fellows who never drank and who kept to themselves when in port. An uncommon circumstance was that there were never any vacancies in the crew except one that happened as the result of Freeman's last visit to Rabaya, and it came about in the following remarkable manner.

Freeman, like most other men who follow the sea, was superstitious, and he ascribed his fair luck to the charms which he secretly procured from Rabaya. It is now known that he visited the mystic whenever he came to the port of San Francisco, and there are some to-day who believe that Rabaya had an interest in the supposed buccaneering enterprises of the *Blue Crane*.

Among the most intelligent and active of the *Blue Crane's* crew was a Malay known to his mates as the Flying Devil. This had come to him by reason of his extraordinary agility. No monkey could have been more active than he in the rigging; he could make flying leaps with astonishing ease. He could not have been more than twenty-five years old, but he had the shrivelled appearance of an old man, and was small and lean. His face was smooth-shaved and wrinkled, his eyes deep-set and intensely black and brilliant. His mouth was his most forbidding feature. It was large, and the thin lips were drawn tightly over large and protruding teeth, its aspect being prognathous and menacing. Although quiet and not given to laughter, at times he would smile, and then the expression of his face was such as to give even Freeman a sensation of impending danger.

It was never clearly known what was the real mission of the *Blue Crane* when she sailed the last time from San Francisco. Some supposed that she intended to loot a sunken vessel of her treasure; others that the enterprise was one of simple piracy, involving the killing of the crew and the scuttling of the ship in mid-ocean; others that a certain large consignment of opium, for which the Customs authorities were on the look-out, was likely about to be smuggled into some port of Puget Sound. In any event, the business ahead must have been important, for it is now known that, in order to ensure its success, Freeman bought an uncommonly expensive and potent charm from Rabaya.

When Freeman went to buy this charm he failed to notice that the Flying Devil was slyly following him; neither he nor the half-blind charm-seller observed the Malay slip into Rabaya's den and witness the matter that there went forward. The intruder must have heard something that stirred every evil instinct in him. Rabaya (whom I could hardly be persuaded to believe under oath), years afterwards, told me that the charm which he sold to Freeman was one of extraordinary virtue. For many generations it had been in the family of one of India's proudest rajahs, and until it was stolen the arms of England could not prevail over that part of the Far East. If borne by a person of lofty character (as he solemnly informed me he believed Freeman to be), it would never fail to bring the highest good-fortune, for, although the amulet was laden with evil powers as well as good, a worthy person could resist the evil and employ only the good. Contrariwise, the amulet in the hands of an evil person would be a most potent and dangerous engine of harm.

It was a small and very old trinket, made of copper, and representing a serpent, twined grotesquely about a human heart; through the heart a dagger was thrust, and the loop for holding the suspending string was formed by one of the coils of the snake. The charm had a wonderful history, which must be reserved for a future story; the sum of it being that, as it had been as often in the hands of bad men as of good, it had wrought as many calamities as blessings. It was perfectly safe and useful—so Rabaya soberly told me—in the hands of such a man as Freeman.

Now, as no one knows the soundings and breadth of his own wickedness, the Flying Devil (who, Rabaya explained, must have overheard

the conversation attending its transference to Freeman) reflected only that if he could secure possession of the charm his fortune would be made; as he could not procure it by other means, he must steal it. Moreover, he must have seen the price—five thousand dollars in gold—which Freeman paid for the trinket; and that alone was sufficient to move the Malay's cupidity. At all events, it is known that he set himself to steal the charm and desert from the barkentine.

From this point on to the catastrophe my information is somewhat hazy. I cannot say, for instance, just how the theft was committed, but it is certain that Freeman was not aware of it until a considerable time had passed. What did concern him particularly was the absence of the Malay when the barkentine was weighing anchor and giving a line for a tow out to sea. The Malay was a valuable sailor; to replace him adequately was clearly so impossible a task that Freeman decided, after a profitless and delaying search of hours, to leave port without him or another in his place. It was with a heavy heart, somewhat lightened by a confident assumption that the amulet was safe in his possession, that Freeman headed down the channel for the Golden Gate.

Meanwhile, the Flying Devil was having strange adventures. In a hastily arranged disguise, the principal feature of which was a gentleman's street-dress, in which he might pass careless scrutiny as a thrifty Japanese awkwardly trying to adapt himself to the customs of his environment, he emerged from a water-front lodging-house of the poorer sort, and ascended leisurely to the summit of Telegraph Hill, in order to make a careful survey of the city from that prominent height; for it was needful that he knew how best to escape. From that alluring eminence he saw not only a great part of the city, but also nearly the whole of the bay of San Francisco, and the shores, towns, and mountains lying beyond. His first particular attention was given to the *Blue Crane*, upon which he looked nearly straight down as she rolled gently at her moorings at the foot of Lombard Street. Two miles to the west he saw the trees which conceal the soldiers' barracks; and the commanding General's residence on the high promontory known as Black Point, and these invited him to seek concealment in their shadows until the advent of night would enable him to work his way down the peninsula of San Francisco to the distant blue mountains of San Mateo. Surmising that Freeman would make a search for him, and that it would be confined to the docks and their near vicinity, he imagined that it would not be a difficult matter to escape.

After getting his bearings, the Malay was in the act of descending the hill by its northern flank, when he observed a stranger leaning against the parapet crowning the hill. The man seemed to be watching him. Not reflecting that his somewhat singular appearance might have accounted for the scrutiny, his suspicions were aroused; he feared, albeit wrongly, that he was followed, for the stranger had come up soon after him. Assuming an air of indifference, he strolled about until he was very near the stranger, and then, with the swiftness and ferocity of a tiger, he sprang and slipped a knife-blade between the man's ribs. The stranger sank with a groan, and the Malay fled down the hill.

It was a curious circumstance that the man fell in front of one of the openings which neglect had permitted the rains to wash underneath the parapet. He floundered, as some dying men will, and these movements caused him to work his body through the opening. That done, he started rolling down the steep eastern declivity, the speed of his flight increasing with every bound. Many cottages are perched precariously on this precipitous slope. Mrs. Armour, a resident of one of them, was sitting in a rear room near the window, sewing, when she was amazed to see a man flying through the sash close beside her. He came with so great violence that he tore through a thin partition into an adjoining room and landed in a shapeless heap against the opposite wall. Mrs. Armour screamed for help. A great commotion ensued, but it was some time before the flight of the body was connected with a murder on the parapet. Nevertheless, the police were active, and presently a dozen of them were upon the broad trail which the murderer had left in his flight down the hill.

In a short time the Malay found himself in the lumber-piles of the northern water-front. Thence, after gathering himself together, he walked leisurely westward in the rear of the wire-works, and traversed a little sand-beach where mothers and nurses had children out for an airing. The desperate spirit of perversity which possessed the man (and which Rabaya afterwards explained by the possession of the amulet), made reckless by a belief that the charm which he carried would preserve him from all menaces, led him to steal a small hand-satchel that lay on the beach near a well-dressed woman. He walked away with it, and then opened it, and was rejoiced to find that it contained some money and fine jewellery. At this juncture one of the children, who had observed the Malay's theft, called the woman's attention to him. She started in pursuit, raising a loud outcry, which emptied the adjacent drinking-saloons of a pursuing crowd.

The Malay leaped forward with ample ability to outstrip all his pursuers, but, just as he arrived in front of a large swimming establishment, a bullet from a policeman's pistol brought him to his knees. The crowd quickly pressed around him. The criminal staggered to his feet, made a fierce dash at a man who stood in his way, and sank a good knife into his body. Then he bounded away, fled swiftly past a narrow beach



MISS MARIE STUDHOLME.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY KILPATRICK, BELFAST.

where swimming clubs have their houses, and disappeared in the ruins of a large old building that lay at the foot of a sandy bluff on the water's edge. He was trailed a short distance within the ruins by a thin stream of blood which he left, and there he was lost. It was supposed that he had escaped to the old woollen-mill on Black Point.

As in all other cases where a mob pursues a fleeing criminal, the search was wild and disorderly, so that, if the Malay had left any trail beyond the ruins, it would have been obliterated by trampling feet. Only one policeman was in the crowd, but others, summoned by telephone, were rapidly approaching from all directions. Unintelligent and contradictory rumours bewildered the police for a time, but they formed a long picket-line covering an arc which stretched from North Beach to the new gas-works far beyond Black Point.

It was about this time that Captain Freeman cast off and started out to sea.

The summit of Black Point is crowned with the tall eucalyptus-trees which the Flying Devil had seen from Telegraph Hill. A high fence, which encloses the General's house, extends along the bluff of Black Point, near the edge. A sentry paced in front of the gate to the grounds, keeping out all who had not provided themselves with a pass. The sentry had seen the crowd gathering towards the east, and in the distance he noticed the brass buttons of the police glistening in the western sunlight. He wondered what could be afoot.

While he was thus engaged, he observed a small, dark, wiry man emerging upon the bluff from the direction of the woollen-mill at its eastern base. The stranger made straight for the gate.

"You can't go in there," said the soldier, "unless you have a pass."

"Da w'at?" asked the stranger.

"A pass," repeated the sentry; and then, seeing that the man was a foreigner and imperfectly acquainted with English, he made signs to explain his remark, still carrying his bayonet-tipped rifle at shoulder-arms. The stranger, whose sharp gleam of eye gave the soldier an odd sensation, nodded and smiled.

"Oh!" said he; "I have."

He thrust his hand into his side-pocket, advancing meanwhile, and sending a swift glance about. In the next moment the soldier found himself sinking to the ground with an open jugular.

The Malay slipped within the grounds and disappeared in the shrubbery. It was nearly an hour afterwards that the soldier's body was discovered, and, the crowd of police and citizens arriving, it became known to the garrison that the desperate criminal was immediately at hand. The bugle sounded, and the soldiers came tumbling out of barracks. Then began a search of every corner of the post.

It is likely that a feeling of relief came to many a stout heart when it was announced that the man had escaped by water, and was now being swiftly carried down the channel towards the Golden Gate by the ebb tide. He was clearly seen in a small boat, keeping such a course as was possible by means of a rude board in place of oars. His escape had occurred thus: Upon entering the grounds, he ran along the eastern fence, behind the shrubbery, to a transverse fence separating the garden from the rear premises. He leaped the fence, and then found himself face to face with a large and formidable mastiff. He killed the brute in a strange and bold manner—by choking. There was evidence of a long and fearful struggle between man and brute. The apparent reason for the man's failure to use the knife was the first necessity of choking the dog into silence and the subsequent need of employing both hands to maintain that advantage.

After disposing of the dog, the Flying Devil, wounded though he was, performed a feat worthy of his sobriquet; he leaped the rear fence. At the foot of the bluff he found a boat chained to a post sunk into the sand. There was no way to release the boat except by digging up the post. This the Malay did with his hands for tools, and then threw the post into the boat, and pushed off with a board that he found on the beach. Then he swung out into the tide, and it was some minutes afterwards that he was discovered from the fort, and then he was so far away, and there was so much doubt of his identity, that the gunners hesitated for a time to fire upon him. Then two dramatic things occurred.

Meeting the drifting boat was a heavy bank of fog which was rolling in through the Golden Gate. The murderer was heading straight for it, paddling vigorously with the tide. If once the fog should enfold him, he would be lost in the Pacific or killed on the rocks almost beyond a peradventure, and yet he was heading for such a fate with all the strength that he possessed. This was what first convinced his pursuers that he was the man whom they sought—none other would have pursued so desperate a course. At the same time a marine-glass brought conviction, and the order was given to open fire.

A six-pound brass cannon roared, and splinters flew from the boat; but its occupant, with tantalising bravado, rose and waved his hand defiantly. The six-pounder then sent out a percussion-shell, and just as the frail boat was entering the fog it was blown into a thousand fragments. Some of the observers swore positively that they saw the Malay floundering in the water a moment after the boat was destroyed and before he was engulfed by the fog, but this was deemed incredible. In a short time the order of the post had been restored and the police had taken themselves away.

The other dramatic occurrence must remain largely a matter of surmise, but only because the evidence is so strange.

The great steel gun employed at the fort to announce the setting of the sun thrust its black muzzle into the fog. Had it been fired with shot or

shell, its missile would have struck the hills on the opposite side of the channel. But the gun was never so loaded; blank cartridges were sufficient for its function. The bore of the piece was of so generous a diameter that a child or small man might have crept into it had such a feat ever been thought of or dared.

There are three circumstances indicating that the fleeing man escaped alive from the wreck of his boat and that he made a safe landing in the fog on the treacherous rocks at the foot of the bluff crowned by the guns. The first of these was suggested by the gunner who fired the piece that day, two or three hours after the destruction of the fleeing man's boat; and even that would have received no attention under ordinary circumstances, and, in fact, did receive none at all until long afterwards, when Rabaya reported that he had been visited by Freeman, who told him of the two other strange circumstances. The gunner related that when he fired the cannon that day he discovered that it recoiled in a most unaccountable manner, as though it had been loaded with something in addition to a blank cartridge. But he had loaded the gun himself, and was positive that he had placed no shot in the barrel. At that time he was utterly unable to account for the recoil.

The second strange occurrence came to my knowledge through Rabaya. Freeman told him that, as he was towing out to sea that afternoon, he encountered a heavy fog immediately after turning from the bay into the channel. The tow-boat had to proceed very slowly. When his vessel had arrived at a point opposite Black Point, he heard the sunset gun, and immediately afterwards strange particles began to fall upon the barkentine, which was exactly in the vertical plane of the gun's range. He had sailed many waters and had seen many kinds of showers, but this was different from all others. Fragments of a sticky substance fell all over the deck and clung to the sails and spars where they touched them. They seemed to be finely shredded flesh, mixed with particles of shattered bone, with a strip of cloth here and there; and the particles that looked like flesh were of a blackish-red and smelled of powder. The visitation gave the skipper and his crew a "creepy" sensation, and awed them somewhat—in short, they were depressed by the strange circumstance to such an extent that Captain Freeman had to employ stern measures to keep down a mutiny, so fearful were the men of going to sea under that terrible omen.

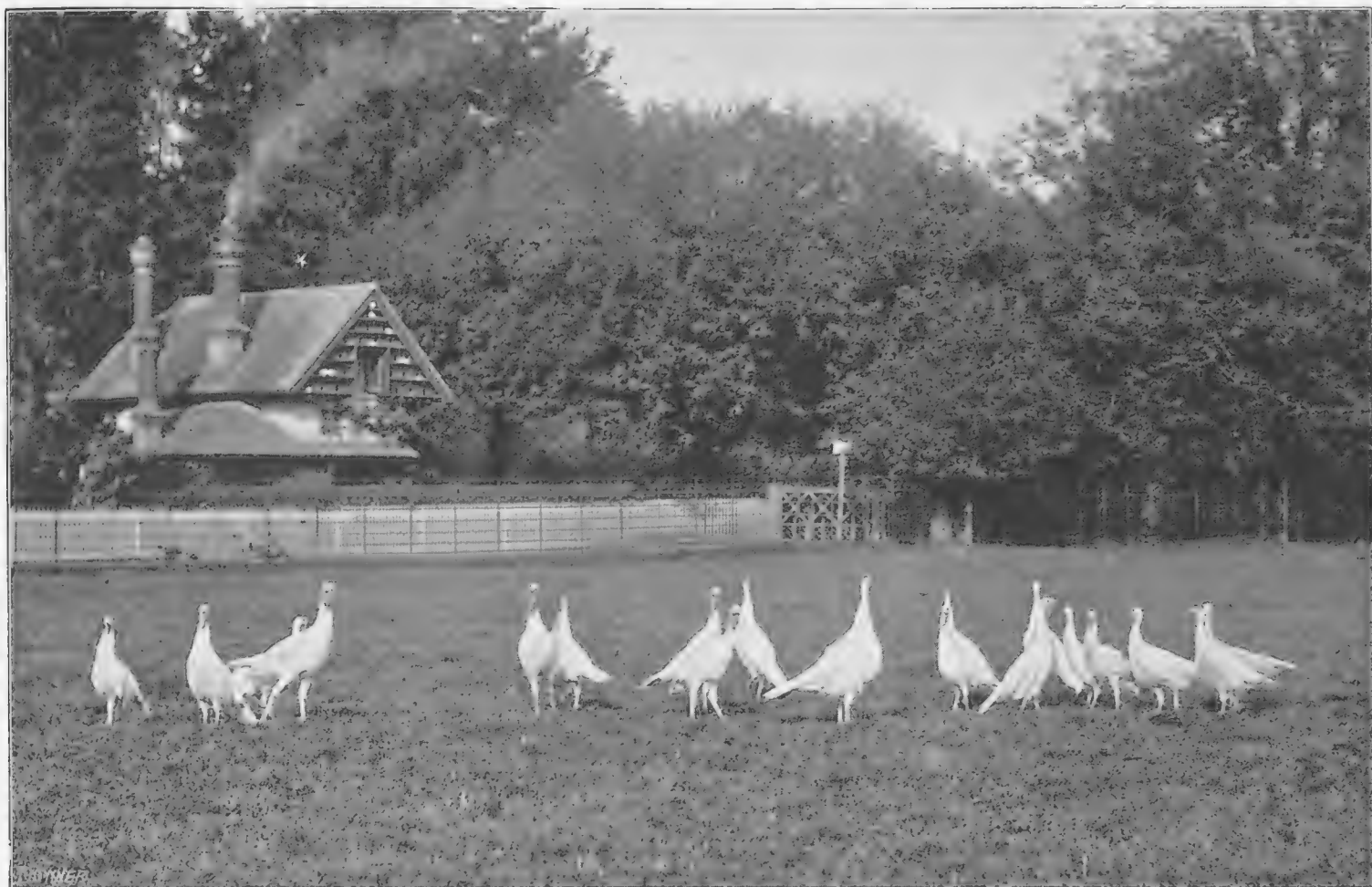
The third circumstance is equally singular. As Freeman was pacing the deck and talking reassuringly to his crew, his foot struck a small, grimy, metallic object lying on the deck. He picked it up and discovered that it, too, bore the odour of burned powder. When he had cleaned it, he was amazed to discover that it was the amulet which he had bought that very day from Rabaya. He could not believe it was the same until he had made a search and found that it had been stolen from his pocket.

It needs only to be added that the Flying Devil was never seen afterwards.

ORNAMENTAL AND DOMESTIC BIRDS.

Its beauty renders the white variety of the domestic turkey one of the most desirable of ornamental birds; but, owing to the comparative delicacy of its constitution, the white turkey does not find favour with those who rear poultry for profit; it is, therefore, not very often to be seen about the farmstead. The white variety is quite artificial; most birds and many animals, both wild and tame, occasionally produce a "freak" in the shape of young with pure white plumage or fur, and by pairing such white examples the breed of white turkeys has been established. A curious point about these birds is that the breast-tuft remains black, as in the ordinary bronze turkey; and not infrequently snow-white parents produce chicks whose plumage is flecked or barred with the black, bronze, or blue tints of the original stock, showing the existence of a tendency to revert to the old type, which must be checked by careful selection on the breeder's part. As a table bird it presents no advantages over the bronze turkey to compensate for the greater difficulty of rearing it.

Of the varieties of domestic duck (all, by the way, believed to be descendants from the common wild duck or mallard), the white Aylesbury is the greatest favourite. It lays well, eats well, and grows to a larger size than any other variety, a pair of prize Aylesbury ducks having scaled as much as eighteen pounds; moreover, it is a better and more careful mother than the gaily plumaged Rouen duck. The increased size of the Aylesbury has only been attained within the last thirty or forty years, the result of greater attention on the part of breeders stimulated to exertion by the demand for these birds for the table. Ducks, when properly managed, are among the most profitable birds the farmer can raise; but, despite the volumes that have been written on the subject, the right principles of rearing are either not yet understood or not realised. Nevertheless, duck-rearers within reach of London and other large towns find the business a paying one: it was stated twenty-five years ago that Aylesbury and the neighbourhood received as much as twenty thousand pounds annually for ducklings sent to the metropolitan market. It may be concluded that in the Aylesbury district, which gives its name to the big white duck, the secrets of rearing are understood. The great secret is to feed the birds well in winter, with the object of obtaining early eggs, which should be hatched out under fowls; if well cared for, the young ducklings should be fat and ready for market at from eight to ten weeks old—just in time, in fact, for the spring market, when prices run high.



WHITE TURKEYS.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FRED DOWNER, WATFORD.



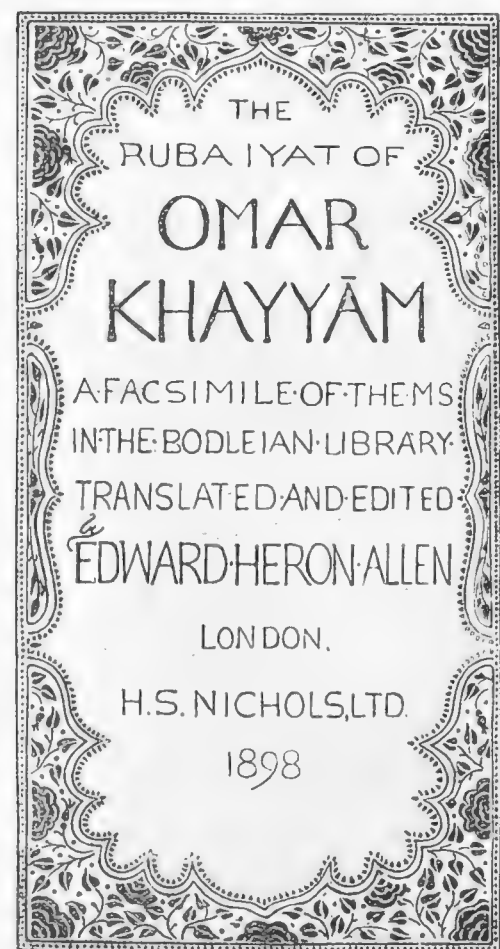
THE DUCK-POND.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY RAMELL, SITTINGBOURNE.

THE OMARIAN SCRIPTURES.*

The believers in the Gospel according to Omar may now "search the Scriptures" on which their faith is based. Thanks to the scholarship and patient labours, covering twelve years, of Mr. Heron-Allen, the sacred text may now be compared with its immortal paraphrase. Five hundred years ago—three hundred and forty years after Omar Kháyyám was "shrouded in the living Leaf by some not unfrequented Garden side"—the "humble slave" Mahmūd Yerbūdākī transcribed the Ruba'iyāt in purple-black ink on yellow paper, powdered with gold, and perfumed, as was the Oriental practice, with costly essences—a "sweet-scented manuscript." Forty years ago the work "finished with victory in the district of Shiraz" was found by Professor Cowell among some uncatalogued manuscripts in the Bodleian, and forthwith copied for himself and his friend Edward FitzGerald, whom he had fortunately beguiled into the study of Persian. Leaving soon afterwards for India, Professor Cowell sent FitzGerald a copy of the rare Calcutta edition of the "Ruba'iyāt," and it was from these two transcripts, containing some hundreds of quatrains, that FitzGerald "mashed together" the seventy-five comprised in his first edition and the additional six-and-twenty in later editions.

In his interesting Introduction, Mr. Heron-Allen traces, under such light as his careful research has gathered, the history of the quatrains, negating, as internal evidence warrants, the theory of their systematic composition. They were thrown off in the intervals between the wine-cup and the calendar, as the mood of the poet-astronomer dictated, and in their spontaneity lies their value and their charm. The odour of roses, not the smell of the midnight lamp, suffuses them. They were probably left to time and chance when Omar "crept silently to rest," floating in the air till the scribe-forerunners of the slave Mahmūd captured them. Some among these, in vain and harmful conceit, added new quatrains, or altered old ones, to please "the two-and-seventy jarring sects," rendering the task of discriminating between the genuine and spurious, or doctored, impossible. Omar is never prolix; "he left fewer lines than Gray," remarks Professor Cowell. But, unlike Gray, to recall Matthew Arnold's criticism, he "spoke out," and in no symbolism such as the folly of cabalistic seekers after signs read into the quatrains, converting the nourishing red wine of their verse into anæmic liquid. Mr. Heron-Allen has catered alike for the common or garden Omarian and the Persian scholar. He has collected from FitzGerald's letters all therein relating to Omar; he has prefaced the facsimile reproduction of

the Bodleian manuscript with a literal translation; then he has transcribed the original into modern Persian characters, underneath which the literal translation is repeated, and faced by variorum readings from other manuscripts, and by quotations from FitzGerald, showing wherein he followed or altered or "mashed up" the original. The effect of the volume, which, in all essentials, closes the canon of the Omarian Scriptures, is to make yet clearer the fact that, but for FitzGerald's marvellous transmutation, Old Kháyyám's verses would have shared the decay which marks the poet's tomb. As every Omarian will buy this book, there is no need to illustrate the matter by quotation. Full credit should be accorded Mr. Heron-Allen for his discovery that the originals of the exquisite quatrain, "Earth could not answer, nor the seas that mourn," and that



other, with its splendid daring, "Man's forgiveness give—and take," occur in the "Mantikuttain" of Attar, the poet-druggist.

In the second edition of this book, Mr. Heron-Allen will, no doubt, correct the small "g" in FitzGerald, the omission of "e" in Mr. Schultz-Wilson's name on pages xxix. and xxxi., and the misprint "morning" for "moving" on page 148.

E. C.

* "The Ruba'iyāt of Omar Kháyyām": being a Facsimile of the MS. in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, with a Transcript into Modern Persian Characters. Translated, with an Introduction and Notes and a Bibliography, by Edward Heron-Allen. London: H. S. Nichols and Co.

OMAR AND GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

Apropos of Mr. Heron-Allen's new translation of the "Ruba'iyāt," it is not uninteresting to find a curious parallel between a certain well-known passage therein and one of the rarest broadsides illustrated by George Cruikshank. This coloured sheet was issued in 1816, and what is believed to be the only copy now in existence was sold at Messrs. Sotheby's in June last at the dispersal of the Bruton collection. With two other song-heads it fetched £2 6s. Its original price was probably twopence. The accompanying block is very much reduced from the original.



CRUIKSHANK'S CARTOON OF "THE BROWN JUG."

The following are the parallel passages—

MR. HERON-ALLEN'S TRANSLATION.

When I am abused beneath the foot of destiny
And am rooted up from the hope of life,
Take heed that thou makest nothing but a goblet of my clay,
Haply when it is full of wine I may revive.

EDWARD FITZGERALD'S TRANSLATION.

"Well," murmur'd one, "let whoso make or buy,
My Clay with long Oblivion is gone dry:
But fill me with the old familiar Juice,
Methinks I might recover by-and-by."

THE WORDS WHICH ACCOMPANIED CRUIKSHANK'S ILLUSTRATION:

THE BROWN JUG.

Dear Tom, this brown jug that now foams with mild ale,
Out of which I now drink to sweet Kate of the vale,
Was once Toby Filpot, a thirsty old soul
As e'er cracked a bottle or fathomed a bowl;
In boozing about 'twas his pride to excel,
And amongst jolly toppers he bore off the bell.
It chanced as in dog-days he sat at his ease,
In his flow'r-woven arbour as gay as you please,
With a friend and a pipe, puffing sorrow away,
And with honest old stingo was soaking his clay,
His breath doors of life on a sudden were shut,
And he died full as big as a Dorchester butt.
His body when long in the ground it had lain,
And time unto clay had dissolved it again,
A potter found out in his covert so snug,
And with part of fat Toby he formed this brown jug,
Now sacred to friendship, to mirth and mild ale;
So here's to my lovely, sweet Kate of the vale.

The verses, a variant on "We are the clay, thou art the potter," are certainly not so refined as those of the translators of the "Ruba'iyāt," but they curiously foreshadow the sentiment which was at that time hidden away in the Persian manuscripts and unknown to the English readers of the day. An additional interest attaches to the coloured etching in the fact that Toby's companion is a portrait of the artist by himself.

G. S. L.

OMAR OBJECTS.

The *World* newspaper publishes the following dainty lines on the modern vogue in translations of Omar Kháyyám—

Boy, I dislike a paraphrase of Omar
Done into English second-hand from Persian;
Roses distilled with patchouli's aroma
Are my aversion.

Give me instead the feast once faithful drew to,
Trumpeted forth by neither "Star" nor herald;
That loaf of bread, that jug of wine, and you, too,
Rare old FitzGerald.

THE HOUSE OF TATTERSALL.

Mr. Edmund Tattersall, the head of the famous house in Knightsbridge, is dead, and the gaiety of sportsmen is eclipsed for the nonce. For Tattersall's is an institution as secure as St. Stephen's, and the maintenance of his line is ensured by the existence of Mr. Somerville Tattersall, who succeeds his father. The Tattersalls have been known to history for six hundred years, Lancashire being the county which saw their root and rise. Right loyal Royalists, as every

time of its founder the business grew to be the great medium of traffic in racehorses for England, Ireland, France, America, and the West Indies; and it has maintained this position to the present day. This Richard, who died in 1795 at the age of seventy-two, was succeeded by his son Edmund, who died in 1810, and Edmund was followed by his son Richard the second, who reigned until 1858. The next King of Knightsbridge was Mr. Edmund Tattersall (nephew of Richard the second), who has just passed away in his eighty-third year. In 1851 he came to London to assist his two uncles in the business of Tattersall's, when it was still conducted at "The Corner" as their establishment at



EDMUND TATTERSALL I.
From an Old Print.



EDMUND TATTERSALL II.
Photo by Fell, Baker Street, W.



RICHARD TATTERSALL II.
From an Old Print.

yeoman ought to be, they threw in their lot with the Stuarts, and Master Richard Tattersall joined Prince Charlie in that great plunge in 1745, and had to hide in London, which only led him to spend his fortune on the Turf. The Duke of Kingston appointed him Master of the Horse, so it became a matter of course that when a great stud of racing horses was to be sold he should manage it. At that time there was no regular place for these transactions, and young Tattersall, seeing his opportunity, made the start from which the business has developed. The Earl of Grosvenor gave him a lease for ninety-nine years of the five fields on which Belgrave and Eaton Squares now stand, and this was the place which became known as "The Corner." The Jockey Club made Tattersall's their headquarters, and in the

Hyde Park Corner was generally termed in racing circles. The present premises at Knightsbridge were erected in 1865. Like the rest of his family, Mr. Edmund Tattersall was a first-rate judge of bloodstock, and as an auctioneer he had no equal. He first registered his colours as Mr. Somerville about the year 1860, and generally had a horse or two in training, the best of them being, perhaps, the grey filly Oxford Mixture, who ran fourth in the Oaks of 1873, won by Marie Stuart. As a young man, he hunted with the Queen's Hounds, while in later years his favourite pack was the Hampshire. About twelve years ago, however, on the death of a favourite old hunter, he retired from the hunting-field. He contracted a chill at the Newmarket Houghton Meeting of 1896, and had been practically confined to his bed ever since.



A LOOK IN AT TATTERSALL'S: TOM TAKING JERRY'S JUDGMENT IN PURCHASING A "PRAD."
DRAWN AND ENGRAVED BY THE CRICKSHANKS, 1821.

"A BRACE OF PARTRIDGES," AT THE GARRICK THEATRE.

Photographs by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.



The Hon. Arthur Partridge (Mr. Reeves Smith), son of Lord Wallerton, declines to marry the American heiress, and escapes to a country inn, where he falls in love with his host's daughter (Miss Aumonier).



His kinsman and double, Alfred Partridge (also played by Mr. Reeves Smith), makes love meantime to the heiress (Miss Henrietta Watson), who mistakes him for the Hon. Arthur.



The innkeeper (Mr. Fred Everill) entertains a writ-server (Mr. Thornbury) who is in pursuit of Alfred, who duly comes to the inn, and is so like Arthur that he is mistaken by the innkeeper for the same.

"A BRACE OF PARTRIDGES," AT THE GARRICK THEATRE.

Photographs by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.



Lord and Lady Wallerton (Mr. Walter Everard and Miss Ada Branson) come down to the inn and find Alfred, who has been ducked in the river, and also mistake him for their son, Arthur.



Of course, the whole business is finally adjusted in the inn parlour, where Alfred pairs with the American heiress and the Hon. Arthur marries the humble innkeeper's daughter.

SHALL JEANNE D'ARC BE CANONISED?

HER LATEST BIOGRAPHER IS A CHURCHMAN.

Shall Jeanne be made a Saint? The Church is considering the question, and the religious bodies of France have apparently found no difficulty in setting forth the necessary miracles performed in her name; for a list must be submitted to Rome before canonisation. It remains for the Congregation of Rites to consider the voluminous evidence brought forward, so far kept secret, and from this to decide which miracles are or are not genuine. "Heretics" need not presume to foreshadow what the verdict will be in regard to each miracle. France and England, it has been said, are the two countries most interested in this new movement: France as being *la patrie* which against forlorn hopes she restored to its hereditary sovereign, and which rewarded her by base ingratitude, and by betrayal at the hands of a jealous Church personated by the Bishop of Beauvais; and England as being the country whose French victories she arrested, and who, equally moved by wrong-headed Bishops, burnt her as a witch in the market-place of Rouen. There is a third country, however, that cannot fail to look on with interest at this cult of Jeanne d'Arc, and that country is Germany. Monuments, churches, statues, streets, and even shops have of recent years sprung up on all sides in France testifying to the honour of Jeanne; but those who have travelled in the West, especially through the towns and villages of Lorraine, must have observed how closely this cult is intertwined with thoughts of the modern French Army and the great disaster of 1870-71.

Meantime, Monseigneur le Nordez has just written an elaborate book called "*Jeanne d'Arc*," which is practically a very beautiful album of Jeanne as immortalised in art and sculpture, and has just been published by Messrs. Hachette, of Paris. This handsome book, a large octavo of nearly four hundred pages, is printed on a highly glazed paper, and contains hundreds of pictures of Jeanne, the majority being printed with the text, while there are several full-page reproductions in photogravure of the Immortal Maid, in painting and sculpture. The two accompanying pictures, reproduced by permission of Messrs. Hachette, give you an idea of the quality of the book.

Monseigneur le Nordez has told in simple language the story of her life. It is a story which neither Englishmen nor Frenchmen can read without a feeling of shame. History has recorded few more painful incidents than the sacrifice of this heroic girl to the bigotry of the priesthood and the superstitious hatred and revenge of the English, which were only rivalled by the pusillanimity and ingratitude of Charles VII. That King, to whom she had restored crown and kingdom, with his counsellors and nobles, looked on undisturbed at the death of his deliverer, and never raised a finger to rescue her. But even such a degenerate monarch could not destroy the work which Jeanne had accomplished: she had saved the independence of France. Her prophecy before her judges at Rouen, that the English would be driven out of the country, was fulfilled not many years after her death, and in 1453 Calais was the only piece of French soil left to them.

Jeanne d'Arc was born at Domremy, a little village near Vaucouleurs, on the borders of Lorraine and Champagne, on Jan. 16, 1412. There she lived till her seventeenth year, spinning and sewing and taking her turn at watching the sheep and cattle, only noteworthy among her companions for her greater piety and industry. She spent much time at the church in prayer. In her thirteenth year, as she herself has described, she heard for the first time those mysterious "voices" which bade her come to the rescue of her country. The old prophecy that France, lost by a woman, should be saved by a virgin of Lorraine, was much in her mind, and, no doubt, increased her faith in her heaven-sent mission. As years passed, the "voices" grew more urgent, telling her to go to the Dauphin, and Jeanne obeyed. Though she would have preferred to spin by her mother's side, it was God's

command that she should go. When she arrived at Vaucouleurs, the Captain, Robert de Baudricourt, at first gave her no credit, and refused her assistance; but she continued to urge her demands, and gradually her enthusiasm infected the people, and they rallied to her side. At length, on Feb. 23, 1429, she left Vaucouleurs with an escort for Chinon, where the Dauphin was then residing. There similar or even greater difficulties had to be overcome, and she was forced to submit to a solemn examination by a council of priests and learned men at Poitiers. After a wearisome delay, they reported favourably, and Jeanne was provided with troops, and marched at once to the relief of Orleans. Into her military life she carried the same piety for which she had been remarkable at Domremy, and endeavoured with the greatest earnestness to reform the morals of the army, and to inspire the soldiers with the

same patriotism and religious fervour that animated herself. With Dunois and a portion of the troops she made her way into Orleans, where she was received with enthusiasm. The French had been demoralised by constant defeat, but the presence of this heaven-sent maiden restored their confidence, and, after some days' fighting, the English were forced to raise the siege. Jeanne's womanly character is not altered even in the midst of war and tumult. Like a girl, she is terrified at her first wound, but, hearing that the signal for retreat has been given, she instantly throws off her fear, and rushes to head the troops in a final and successful charge.

The relief of Orleans was followed by the victory of Patay, and the triumphant advance of Charles to Rheims, though even then, at the height of her success, Jeanne had much opposition to overcome through the selfishness and incompetence of the King and his counsellors. Charles was crowned, and, that first dream accomplished, Jeanne turned her mind to the next great aim of her life, the recovery of Paris. But she could not inspire others with an enthusiasm like her own, and was deeply disappointed when the first assault on Paris failed and the King retreated to the Loire. The successes she had achieved and the honours she had won never dazzled her, and, after the coronation at Rheims, she said with simple sincerity to the Archbishop: "I would that it were the will of God that I could now lay aside my arms and go back to my father and mother to keep the sheep with my sister and my brothers, who would be very pleased to see me." Her wish was not granted, and she never saw the quiet fields of Domremy again. In 1430 she hurried with a small force to the rescue of Compiègne, which was besieged by the Burgundians; but, though she succeeded in entering the town, she was soon



STATUE OF JEANNE D'ARC AT DOMREMY.

after taken prisoner in a desperate sally by John of Luxembourg, who sold her to the English for ten thousand livres. No offer to ransom her was made by the French King. She was carried to Rouen, and arraigned as a sorceress before an ecclesiastical tribunal, presided over by Pierre Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais. It is impossible to read without indignation the record of that iniquitous trial, in which every form of justice was violated. Day after day was devoted to the cross-questioning of the helpless prisoner, with the avowed intention of involving her in some contradiction, and of condemning her out of her own mouth; while, with infamous treachery, the judges sent one of their number, Nicholas Laysleur, to act as her confessor, who succeeded in gaining the confidence he was to betray, by pretending to Jeanne that he belonged to Lorraine and was on her side.

Condemned, excommunicated, forbidden to hear mass, the consolation she most desired, and cross-examination continued from day to day, threatened with torture and with death, it is not surprising that at length Jeanne's courage gave way. It was what her judges wished—not to save her, but to send her to her death, degraded in the eyes of the people. In a moment of bewilderment and terror, she so far yielded that she expressed her willingness to submit to the Church. Soon confronted with fresh indignities, she was forced to protect herself by

resuming man's attire, and this was considered a proof of her relapse. Her courage returned to her, and she boldly declared that her submission had been made through fear of death, and that she knew and believed her "voices" were from God. On May 30, 1431, she was brought to



JEANNE D'ARC.

After the Statue by Paul Dubois at Rheims, from Messrs. Hachette's Book.

the scaffold, and, as the flames rose round her, she cried out repeatedly the sacred name of "Jesus" till she passed away, to be numbered among the great army of martyrs of whom the world was not worthy.

HOW HER BIRTHPLACE WORSHIPS HER.

The birthplace of the Maid, Domremy—which is a small, sleepy village nestling beside one of the many windings of the Meuse, as it passes through a valley literally smiling with the orchards, vineyards, and cornfields upon the hillsides—still hangs lovingly on Jeanne's memory. The quaint, almost windowless, house where she was born is now a National Museum, under the care of "the Sisters of Jeanne," who to the sale of souvenirs add the task of teaching the girls of the village. Adjoining the garden of the house—a garden through which passes a tiny, rapidly flowing stream—there stands the same old plastered church in which Jeanne worshipped and saw visions. Within she is commemorated in the altars, the windows, the pictures, the tombs, the statues. Above the outside porch a crude canvas painting has recently been stretched, depicting Jeanne surrounded by St. Michel, St. Catherine, and St. Margaret, leading along, as it were, one of her own lambs, a very mild-looking lion, which you are to understand from its neck-ribbon is "Le Lion Britannique"! And the story is handed down in the village that Jeanne's uncle said that he had heard the English objected to in good society on the ground that Judas, the prototype of traitors, was an Englishman. Nevertheless, the peasants forget your English nationality as they tell, with tears in their eyes, of the German invasion of 1870.

Though the Germans committed terrible devastations and outrages in other villages, they spared Domremy, and in passing by the church even presented arms, while those who were Catholics entered to pray. Such is the superstitious reverence with which Jeanne d'Arc is regarded by the countrymen of Schiller.

But away up on the hills, about a mile above the village of Domremy, Jeanne has inspired further activities. There a national monument has just been erected on the spot on the Bois Chesnu where while spinning and watching her sheep the young girl saw her visions. The monument takes the form of a large basilique, or stately church, dedicated to Notre Dame des Armées, and built in the shape of the double cross of Lorraine—that is, it has a double set of transepts. At the front or east end there is a huge porch containing a fine group of statuary representing Jeanne simply kneeling, her distaff and sheep close by. The whole of this fine group of statuary overlooks the entire valley away in the direction of Germany. Within the church, each of the military saints, such as St. Martin of Tours and St. George and the Dragon, has an altar.

This unique church is served by the Archiconfrérie de Notre Dame des Armées, housed in a sort of collegiate building close by, surrounded by a beautiful fringe of grape-vines and orchards. This brotherhood, which was instituted by Statute of Pope Leo XIII. in Versailles in 1879, and installed in Domremy only a year or two ago, is assisted in Church work by the Ligue des Sœurs de Jeanne d'Arc, whose headquarters are over a brow of the hill. The first article of the League is to pray fervently for the re-establishment of Christ's reign in France and for the canonisation of Jeanne d'Arc. Thus, we are told, will the Virgin of Domremy become again an all-powerful protectress, the glorious patron of the young girl under the domestic roof, and of her brother under the *drapeau de l'armée*. Young girls in all parts of France have been enrolled as members. Each day they are expected to pray God to forgive the blasphemy of the Army. In addition to this, they are, at conscription times, invited to partake of Holy Communion, so as to draw down a blessing upon the young men then confronted for the first time with the awful perils of barrack-life. Each morning, in the crypt or Lower Chapel, profusely decorated with regimental flags and devices, mass is diligently said for "the Army both on sea and land." Special prayers are also offered for each regiment in turn as its fête-day comes round.

Scarcely a day passes throughout the summer months without a pilgrimage of some sort being made to the Basilique of Domremy—now a bevy of young girls from Nancy, whose exuberance is restrained by some gentle nun; then a body of priests in their long robes; and, again and again, a company or two of soldiers from one or other of the numerous dépôts dotted up and down the country.

Thus has Jeanne d'Arc become the cult of the Army in France; and it would seem that this has been more directly inspired by the overthrow of 1870-71. In the words of her panegyric by Cardinal Perraud (recently in England assisting in the Augustinian celebrations at Ebbfleet), God fought visibly for their fathers through the arm of the Domremy virgin. From the depths of the abyss and from the jaws of death he restored the nation to life. And again speaking of Jeanne d'Arc and the modern French Army, the Bishop of Nancy declares that the most difficult thing to-day is to find a soldier prepared to throw himself at death—an abandonment which neither the manual of instruction, nor the perfectly organised Army, nor the companionship of myriads of men, of horses, of cannons, can give. Only religion could teach this.



JEANNE D'ARC.

After the Statue by Fremiet in the Place des Pyramides, Paris, from Messrs. Hachette's Book

Since their misfortunes of 1870, when there were lurid lights on all hands from villages burnt by the enemy, since then the image of Jeanne d'Arc had appeared resplendent upon the ruins. And all this would show that storms and trials have their advantages, for they reawaken dormant courage and bring to light hidden virtues.

GEORGE GISSING ON CHARLES DICKENS.*

A criticism of a novelist by a novelist is always interesting. It may not be true or convincing—as a matter of fact, it very seldom is. But it generally throws a strong light on the critic, if not upon the author criticised. For this reason Mr. George Gissing's little book on Charles Dickens will be welcomed and studied. On one point, and that a very important point, Mr. Gissing is specially qualified. He, like Dickens, has been a very close student of London life; in fact, it may be doubted whether any of our living novelists knows so much of London as he does. Mr. Gissing is, besides, always serious, thoughtful, and truthful. His great disqualification as a critic of Dickens is his steadfast pessimism. Dickens was one of the most determined optimists in existence. He carried that optimism through a hard childhood; he carried the show of it at least to the very last of a hard life. The disqualification is so great that I am unable to recognise Mr. Gissing's book as really penetrating or complete. It has, besides, too much of the schoolmaster tone, although Mr. Gissing shows a proper reverence for the master from first to last. But at the worst this study is suggestive, and perhaps the best way to criticise it will be to make some notes on its most salient views.

It is very characteristic of Mr. Gissing that he comes to discuss the humour of Dickens at page 165 of a book which occupies about 240 pages. It is still more characteristic that he nowhere expressly signalises the great endowment of Dickens—his high spirits. It is not the truth to say that Dickens is first of all a great humorist. He was that, and much more than that, and a humorist he continued to be up to the end of his career. But his high spirits failed him at a certain point, and his books fall distinctly into two classes, the first ending with "David Copperfield" in 1850, the second ending with "Edwin Drood" in 1870. By a freak, one book of the later years, "Great Expectations," 1861, belongs in reality to the first period, a circumstance which might probably be understood were we more fully acquainted with Dickens's real life. That, however, is a mystery still to all but a very few, notwithstanding the apparent frankness and fulness of Mr. Forster's revelations. It may perhaps be said, though less positively, that "Oliver Twist" by rights should be counted in the later period. Its comparative gloom and strain may be explained partly by its subject and partly by the fact that, when writing it, Dickens was greatly overpressed.

Mr. Gissing is right in saying that Dickens's two years of childish hardship in the blacking-warehouse were the best training he could possibly have received. He learned the life of obscure London in the one sufficient way, being himself a part of it, and he was not left in it long enough for the natural sweetness of his mind to be corrupted. Mr. Gissing tells us that only one significant fact is recorded of Dickens's mother, namely, that when at length an opportunity offered for the boy's escape from his drudgery in the blacking-warehouse, Mrs. Dickens strongly objected to any such change. I should have thought it equally significant that Mrs. Dickens taught her son the rudiments of Latin, and that she tried to commence a school in Gower Street. I have not observed any reference to the fact, which is well attested, that Dickens afterwards pictured one side of her at least in Mrs. Nickleby.

When Mr. Gissing says that few really great men can have had so narrow an intellectual scope as Dickens, he is undoubtedly correct; but when he limits the influences that played upon him to the books catalogued as his early reading, one must demur. As for Sir Walter Scott, it would have been worth while to quote Dickens's curious account of his early admiration of "The Bride of Lammermoor" and his later disappointment; but there is evidence, not abundant, but enough, to show that Dickens knew contemporary literature, and that two men now forgotten had quite a marked influence on his style—I mean Theodore Hook and John Poole, the author of "Little Pedlington." "Little Pedlington" was a constant favourite with Dickens, and he was almost the only man who succeeded Poole in the desolation of his later life.

When Mr. Gissing says that "Nickleby" is the least satisfactory of Dickens's early books, he will find many to dissent from him. And here I wish to lay emphasis on one circumstance which must always be remembered in the discussion of Dickens's plots. His stories were mainly written for publication in parts. Each part had to possess an interest of its own, and thus the author was led to put many characters upon his stage who had very little to do with the main thread of his action. Opinions differ; many of us would put "Nickleby" very high—indeed, along with "Martin Chuzzlewit," "David Copperfield," and "Pickwick." But surely all will agree that the Crummles episode is inimitable; "the most humorous thing ever written," said one of our greatest novelists and dramatists to me when speaking about it, and I should not violently dissent. By the way, when Mr. Gissing speaks of "the veracity of these sketches," is he not misusing a word? Veracity is the quality of a narrator, not of a narrative. Mr. Gissing's praise of "Barnaby Rudge" is easily understood, and need not be criticised; but when he disparages "A Tale of Two Cities," and reflects that "many another man could have handled the theme as well, if not better," when he goes on to say that "he leaves no impression on my mind," one can only express a respectful but emphatic dissent. Who are the persons, who were the persons, who could write a better book than "A Tale of Two Cities"?

Passing over many points, I note Mr. Gissing's conception of Dickens's religion. "At a later time he could draw, or attempt, a sympathetic portrait of a clergyman in the Established Church in 'Our Mutual Friend,' and in his last book could speak respectfully of Canons, but with Dissent he never reconciled himself." No doubt, this is true to a

certain extent, but it should be remembered that, if Dickens ever belonged to any sect, it was to the Unitarians, and that the teacher for whom he always expressed the greatest affection was a Baptist minister. In the Reminiscences of the Rev. James Griffin, of Manchester, will be found some curious details of his obligation to Dissenting ministers. What repelled him in Dissent was undoubtedly its tendency to dwell on the sterner side of religion. In Dickens's mind God was simply a magnified Brother Cheryble. He had also and always the utmost detestation for foreign missions, believing that all the effort and all the money were wanted for people near home.

The worst chapter, and one for which it is hard altogether to forgive Mr. Gissing, is that on Women and Children. It is by much the longest in the book, and, so far as women are concerned, it is written with concentrated venom. Mr. Gissing's opinion of women is well known to his readers, and he has made himself believe that Dickens held with him. Mr. Gissing's idea of the future satisfactory woman is apparently that she may be able to turn from a page of Sophocles to the boiling of a potato or even the scrubbing of a floor. In short, he thinks that the coming wife will be the intellectual equal of her husband, and that she will besides be able to do without servants. However it may be, did any sane and unprejudiced reader of Dickens ever take from him the impression that no happiness was to be found in love and marriage? On the contrary, no more strenuous preacher of the English faith in such matters ever appeared. True, he painted disagreeable women, as every novelist does. He knew that there were unhappy marriages, and some tragically unhappy. But Mr. Gissing's terrifically serious remarks on poor old Mrs. Nickleby show a complete want of humour and perception. He laments because "sixty years ago there was practically no provision in England for the mental training of women. Sent early to a good school, and kept there till the age of twenty-one, Mrs. Nickleby would have grown into a quite endurable gentlewoman, aware of her natural weakness, and a modest participant in general conversation." I venture to say that Mrs. Nickleby would have been a far greater bore if she had attended University Extension lectures, and picked up a smattering of science and the classics, than she was in actual life. Mr. Gissing, however, is very angry. "With Mrs. Nickleby one cannot converse. She understands the meaning of nothing that is said to her. She is incapable of answering a question or of seeing the logical bearings of any statement whatsoever." True, true, terribly true. Mrs. Nickleby ought to have been put to death; but I should not wonder if she was much better liked than many women who could talk you to death about the 'ologies. However, his worst offence is his attack on dear Dora, whom all sensible men consider a vast deal too good for David Copperfield, and worth railway-trains-full of Agnes Wickfields. Mr. Gissing, in his best schoolmaster style, says: "The feather-brained little creature has no responsibility. As reasonably would one begin to argue with her toy-dog Gyp when he takes his stand on the cookery-book." Well, it is certain that Dora would never have been able to pass her examinations for B.A. It is equally certain that she would never have lived to wear spectacles, and lose her complexion, and have strong opinions on evolution, and write sex novels, and be an orthodox political economist. Even David Copperfield, when she died so young, so lovely, so dear, so unselfish, so wise, had some thoughts of the kind.—o. o.

A DANCING-GIRL'S EPITAPH.

Here I lie and dance no more:

Sayonara, sayonara!

With a tombstone for my door,

Here I keep unwonted state,

I that danced up to Death's gate.

Sayonara!*

Other damsels dance for you:

Sayonara, sayonara!

Sweetest flowers that ever blew:

Curtseying crocus, iris tall:

Ah, their dances never pall—

Sayonara!

Long I danced: too long, too long:

Sayonara, sayonara!

Sang for you my foolish song.

Now I neither sing nor weep,

But mid iris-roots I sleep,

Sayonara!

Oh, you paid my dance with gold:

Sayonara, sayonara!

Now a better wealth I hold:

Folded buds of silver lilies,

Golden buds of daffadillies,

Sayonara!

Flags may curtsey to the sun:

Sayonara, sayonara!

But my dancing days are done:

Glad they were so short a span,

Here I sleep, O Hime San;

Sayonara!

NORA HOPPER.

* "Charles Dickens." By George Gissing. London: Blackie and Son.

* Good-bye.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



SWEETHEARTS



SO VERY APPROPRIATE.

VIKING : Waitah, get me a small lemon, please !

CANNIBAL : And get me a glass of milk and a Bath-bun, please.



MR. ARTHUR ROBERTS.

A T R A N D O M.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

Some English critic has described Zola's "Paris" as a preachment of Anarchy. That is a hasty opinion; but there can be no question that the spirit of the book is sympathy with the social revolt in France. Zola sketches several types of Anarchism—the harmless revolutionary who has passed most of his life in prison because he cannot make peace with any Government; the dreamer who, having spent his best years in discovering the most powerful explosive in the world, with the unselfish idea of giving the secret to the Ministry of War, conceives the mad scheme of punishing the social and political corruption of Paris by blowing up the Basilica on Montmartre; the cosmopolitan Anarchist, without a country, who quits the salon of a harum-scarum Princess to organise outrages at Barcelona; the loquacious Anarchists who chatter Proudhon and Fourier, and agree with one another as little as with the Government; the starving artisan who explodes a bomb in the courtyard of a *bourgeois* financier, killing nobody but a poor little milliner, and is guillotined at La Roquette. Zola paints the madness and ferocity of Anarchism with a sympathetic instinct, because he regards them as the products of a social system which has made civilisation a byword. He does not justify bombs, but he arraigns the infamies of Paris, and asks whether they have any moral title to be judges and executioners.

In a word, this is less a novel than a pamphlet; and to most English readers it is likely to seem overdone. You pass from scenes of loathsome poverty to the vulgar luxury of the speculating baron, whose wife is the mistress of her daughter's lover; to the venality of Ministers and Deputies who are hired by stock-jobbers; to the dishonest venom of Parisian journalism; to the orgies of a courtesan with a virginal face, who is thrust into the Comédie Française by a political intrigue; to the sham benevolence of fine ladies who mask their vices under the guise of charity. Upon charity Zola opens the vials of contempt. It is the hypocrisy of the rich and the enslavement of the poor; in the name of religion it has enabled a priesthood to salve the conscience of wealth. When Justice reigns, charity and religion will be destroyed; an industrial revolution, not yet defined, will make all toilers free and prosperous; and Science, having abolished heaven, which has duped the hopes of mankind for so many centuries, will knit us more closely to our mother earth, evolving from that bounteous treasury of passion and wisdom all the happiness that the most enlightened imagination can dream. You will remember that, at the end of "Doctor Pascal," the terrible spell of the Rougon-Macquart heredity is broken by a child, who is to be the ancestor of a new and regenerate stock. At the end of "Paris," another child, a fine, bouncing infant, is held up at a window of Montmartre to see the sun scattering radiant seeds of hope over the great city, seeds of an abundant harvest which that youngster will help to reap. And yet there are people who cannot understand that Zola is a romantic idealist!

The simplicity of this gospel is not impressed upon you by any remarkable conception of character. The Montmartre household consists of the two brothers, Guillaume Froment, the chemist, and Pierre, the unfrocked priest; Marie, a healthy young woman, an excellent cyclist (in knickerbockers), betrothed to Guillaume, but resigned by him to Pierre; Guillaume's three sons, admirable but shadowy; and Mère-Grand, an old lady who combines the authority of a French housekeeper with a courage which would have abashed a Stoic or an antique Roman. She saves the family from destruction when Guillaume has thoughtlessly left his explosive in a very critical temper, and she sits calmly sewing when she is expecting the destruction of the Basilica. She does not set her life at a needle's fee, nor the lives of all who are dear to her, but reflects cheerfully that, if they are blown to eternity presently, that will be an excellent solution of many problems. I confess this is the only moment of the whole story that gives me a thrill, for the fatalism of that old woman—just suggested, and not spoilt by elaboration—is a vivid illumination of resolute hopelessness. Perhaps, if we were all inured to explosives like Mère-Grand, who has slept over the laboratory for years, we should take the chances of instant annihilation with the same unruffled dignity. But when you are assured that Science is to be the salvation of the race, its proximity in this particular form is rather disconcerting. I don't feel comfortable even when Guillaume abandons the idea of wrecking Paris, and turns his explosive energy to the peaceful functions of a "motor," which is Zola's symbolic harbinger of the new era.

Zola's faith in his ideal is of childlike sincerity. When the model of the "motor" is working for the first time, the baby stretches out his

hands for the new toy. This symbol of the wisdom of babes and sucklings is typical of Zola's mind. He sees the manifold energies of the universe trained by Science so that a little child may lead them. Though his forty volumes present human nature to us in its least attractive aspects, he is none the less confident that Justice and Science will prevail for the betterment of man. It is true that scientific appliances are turned to the evil uses of despotism, that the biggest battalions and the heaviest artillery are at the service of malignant statecraft. But Guillaume has resolved that the secret of his irresistible engine of destruction shall be disclosed to all the Governments of the world. Who will declare war when a battle may end in the extinction of all the combatants? I fear the sceptical philosopher will dismiss this consummation as the figment of a novelist's brain. Tolstoi's method of ending war is to persuade all Christian idealists to refuse military service, break down the barriers of States, abolish racial patriotism, and proclaim the Commonwealth of Christendom, which will be governed literally by the principles of the Sermon on the Mount. Zola regards those principles as wholly inapplicable to modern society, but offers no definition of his universal Justice. Between these eminent dreamers a poor blind world must grope its way as best it can.

Some "earnest person" has been telling Madame Sarah Grand a sad tale of divorce. The scene is not mentioned, but a moderately acute reader will guess that it is somewhere in the American Union. There it is the custom for men who are tired of their wives to divorce them, and marry more attractive ladies. At a certain dinner-party the guest of the evening appears to have excited a good deal of sympathy on account of some unusual impediments in the way of his divorce. His friends had asked him to dinner to assure him of their unwavering confidence; and the orator who proposed his health expressed the hope that the "obstacle" to his union with the girl of his heart would soon be removed. This toast, adds Sarah Grand with tragic emphasis, "was drunk with cheers." I trust that at the same moment the "obstacle" was entertained by her supporters, and begged to stand firm for the cause of woman. Probably the girl of the fickle monster's heart did not attend this gathering; and the melancholy question arises, "How does she stand in regard to the great cause?" Sarah Grand does not seem to have thought of this, although it is the real point of the "earnest person's" story. The interests of woman in this great issue, says Sarah Grand, cannot be trusted to men. But can they be trusted to women? If this mania for divorce, which is rather grotesquely reported, is not one of those fictions imposed by unscrupulous wags upon the credulity of the devout, it is clear that the monsters could not succeed in their fell design but for the help of allies in the opposite camp.

Let us call another witness. In her new novel, "American Wives and English Husbands," Mrs. Gertrude Atherton continues those revelations of woman (American variety) which startled us in "Patience Sparhawk." Mrs. Atherton will not rally to the support of the great cause, but goes over to the traditional enemy without a blush. She ought to be received with trumpets, for does she not discourse of woman's "utter unreasonableness, perversity, and erratic curvatures of temper"? Listen to this: "A woman may be in superb condition; she may be leading the most normal of lives; she may not have a care worthy of mention, and yet she may find herself in a state of nervous and rebellious antagonism to the whole scheme of creation. . . . For the feminine imagination is a restless and virile quantity, and a clever woman is often its victim to an extent which no man can appreciate. That men are, on the whole, so patient with what must often confound and incense them, constitutes their chief claim to the forgiveness of many sins." O my brethren, let us mingle our tears of joy! A woman has understood and vindicated us at last! Let her words be written in letters of gold, and inscribed on a white panel just over the shaving-glass, that we may read them, and receive their exquisite balm, when we behold our sad countenances in the morning!

The American heroine of Mrs. Atherton's book is married to the best of English husbands. Is she happy? No; she craves for "those sweets of Individuality, so dear to the American soul. . . . She wanted to be volatile; she wanted to be free from every responsibility; she wanted, in short, to get out of the rôle of a serious factor in the life of a serious man." Now, if there are many girls of this type in that quarter of the United States where the "earnest person" collected his facts about divorce for the benefit of Madame Sarah Grand, can you wonder that men who are not serious are encouraged to "euchre" the marriage certificate? Perhaps the author of the "Beth Book" will turn for a while from the contemplation of man's iniquities, and consider what is to be done with woman when she is volatile.

BURIED JERUSALEM.

In June of last year Dr. Frederick Bliss and Mr. A. C. Dickie completed the task of tracing out and surveying the long-buried walls of ancient Jerusalem, thus attaining a specially notable stage in the remarkable

disturbance of the ground. It is not to be supposed that the Turkish authorities have opposed the work. On the contrary, the Sultan's firman to conduct investigations was cordially given, and the explorers owe much to the good offices and real interest taken in their task by Hamdy Bey, the Director-General of the Imperial Museum of



DR. BLISS'S CAMP OUTSIDE THE WALLS OF JERUSALEM.



A GROUP OF EXCAVATORS.

work which has been quietly but steadily prosecuted for the last thirty years by the Palestine Exploration Fund. For ages the slopes which fall away from the southern walls of the modern city remained undisturbed: even to-day there is little in the commonplace landscape of cornfield and garden to betray what has been going on beneath the surface. A stranger would never guess that an area of about a mile and a half round has been tunnelled in all directions like a rat-infested stack, yet so exhaustively have Messrs. Bliss and Dickie carried out their work that they have been able to prepare plans showing the walls, gates, streets, towers, and even the drains, of Jerusalem as it was at the dawn of the Christian era and long before. These mining operations were first begun in a methodical manner, in 1867, by Sir Charles—then Lieutenant—Warren, whose primary aim was to determine the site of the Temple. The walls of the outer enclosure were found and examined down to the foundations, which bore the original mason's marks; the sanctuary itself lies buried beneath the spot on which the Turkish Mosque of Omar stands. Its remains are thus beyond reach of exploration, respect for Moslem religious feeling forbidding any

Constantinople. The Turkish Governor of Jerusalem, too, has been equally helpful. Help was needed, as also were tact and diplomacy, for the Imperial firman opened the way to a fresh set of local difficulties. As

Dr. Bliss says, "a buried wall is no respecter of persons, and runs under the lands of a Greek patriarch, a Moslem effendi, a Latin father, or a Siloam fellah, with all of whom the excavators must come to an understanding, financial or otherwise." There was, for instance, one grim lady of Siloam who declared that a man who allowed a shaft to be sunk had no right to the land; he was a usurper, she the rightful owner; and she appeared punctually each Monday morning to try and stop the work, sometimes going so far as to threaten to throw herself down the shaft. Happily, she was induced by a small donation to postpone suicide from week to week until that section of the excavations was finished and the shaft filled in. The task of the native miners varied much; sometimes they laid bare a stretch of wall so near the surface that it had been a standing



ANCIENT POTTERY.

obstacle to the plough; again they had to burrow along its foundations fifty feet deep in débris, requiring frequent perpendicular shafts to remove the displaced earth and stones. At first, occupiers were loth



MODERN JERUSALEM FROM THE NORTH-EAST.

to allow such works; but when they found that the excavations were often productive of results profitable to themselves, disinclination gave place to eagerness. Building-stone ready-cut meant saving of labour and money; while a stone cistern, two thousand years old, but as good as new for all practical purposes, when laid bare a few feet below the surface, was a "find" of material value to a poor cultivator in so dry a country, however intangible its worth to these mine-digging strangers. And, after all, their excavations did no great harm, for, once barley-patch or vegetable-garden had been made to disclose its treasures, the wall or pavement, having been measured, sketched, and minutely examined, was promptly reburied, that plough or hoe might be at work again. Some sections of wall presented archaeological problems of wonderful interest. Jerusalem, in the course of her eventful history, has known many masters, and frequently the conquerors used the stones of the wall they had demolished to rebuild it; thus the excavator, deep underground, often found himself before freshly bared remains he could not, with any certainty, ascribe to the Jebusite period, the Jewish, Roman, Byzantine, Arab, Crusading, or Turkish. Sometimes, however, he would find a genuine archaeological stratification, the buildings of the conqueror being superimposed on the ruins of the vanquished.

As may be supposed, one discovery frequently led to another of

arcade of the ancient Pool. Dr. Bliss gives reasons for believing that these remains represent a church built in the fifth century by the Empress Eudocia, who was exiled to Jerusalem by her husband, Theodosius, and who employed her time in building numerous churches; but, concerning this and other discoveries, we shall learn more from Dr. Bliss's forthcoming book, "Excavations in Jerusalem, 1894-7."—c.

THE BATHING HOUR AND THE BURNING GHÁT, BENARES.

In the whole of India, perhaps throughout the East, there is no sight more striking than the bank of the Ganges at Benares at the bathing hour. Thousands—in time of festival or pilgrimage, tens of thousands—of Hindus line the sacred shore, eager all alike, men, women, and children, to perform duly the ritual of ablution and prayer, encouraged and exhorted by the "fakirs," or "holy men," who practically spend their lives by the waterside.

To understand Brahmanic India [says Chevrillon], no spectacle is so useful as a sight of this people in their out-of-door life on the banks of the sacred



BATHING AT BENARES.

greater importance. Thus, on one occasion, Dr. Bliss was burrowing out the course of a drain; at a certain point operations were obstructed by masonry, and the pick soon showed that the drain here ran under a pavement. The miners, Syrian fellahin, were set to work on the fresh discovery, with the result that a paved street eighteen feet wide was traced right to the gate in the outer wall. Mention of drains invites reference to the fact that the routes of ancient sewage channels have been followed with the greatest exactness at later dates—as though you held a pair of gun-barrels sideways. This conservatism had one awkward result; the men delving in the tunnels, which are only 3 ft. 3 in. high by 2 ft. 6 in. wide, sometimes broke into the recent drain, with unsavoury results. The fellahin proved themselves bold and fearless miners, undertaking jobs which would make a Board of Trade inspector shudder. Furthermore, men and boys alike quickly grew keen about the work; the discovery of an inscription or anything unusual never failed to excite them, while marked depression of spirits was the result of a period of uneventful delving. The excavations have been productive of little in the way of curiosities; the finds have been limited to earthenware vessels, vases, pitchers, and the slipper-shaped lamps we all know, a few coins, and a curious seal supposed to date from the period prior to the Exile. One of the most important buildings discovered was a church, which stood immediately to the north of the present Pool of Siloam, and with its south aisle built over the north

Ganges. Here they pray, they loiter, they converse, they eat, they fall asleep, they die. Upon litters the sick and the dying lie extended, some of them brought from great distances to end life here. Even the form that was once a human being is destroyed in the presence of the river, for here is the place of cremation. There are funeral-piles, and near them the unconcerned crowd continues splashing in the river, praying, drawing water, performing its ablutions. Like a natural and familiar occurrence, the dissolution of the individual goes on amid the general life of which it is but an incident.

The scene photographed in the January of last year speaks more forcibly than can any words of what may be seen daily at Benares. The Hindu stretched upon the pallet in the centre of the picture has been brought hither by his friends to die. He was *in extremis* when he came, and the breath has just left the body. The consciousness of his good-fortune in passing to the next life with his feet immersed in the sacred flood, and his face lit up with the glorious sunshine of his native country reflected again from the water, appears, at least, to give a look of great peace and repose to the wasted features. Hard by are two bodies now wrapped in their shrouds, and above these are the men and boys gathering up the logs for the funeral-pile. In an hour's time bodies and wood will be all one blazing mass, and the ashes of the departed will be collected by their friends, or, if none of these are at hand, they will be scattered to the winds and the water, and room made for the next batch of those who have thus successfully ended one term, at least, of their earthly pilgrimage.

COWLEY CLARKE.

FOOTBALL.

Photographs by Benson, Belfast.

In the International Association match played at Belfast on the 5th inst. England beat Ireland by three goals to two. The ground was in a very sloppy condition, and sleet and snow fell while the match was in progress, the state of the ground being considered by some much against

Gibson. Torrains. Scott. Milne. Cochrane. Anderson.



McAllen. Peden. Pyper. Campbell (Captain). Mercer.
THE IRISH TEAM.

the Englishmen. The Irishmen were the first to score, Peden rushing up and sending the ball into the net after Oakley had miskicked. The subsequent play up to half-time went all in favour of the visitors. After some beautiful passing, in which the whole of the front rank took part, Richards beat Scott with a fine oblique shot, while not long afterwards Athersmith put on a second point. After change of ends England continued to attack, and Morren scored with a good dropping shot, which Scott had no chance of saving. Frank Forman had to retire owing to an injury, but the Notts Forest player came back after an absence of ten minutes. Ireland pressed and Mercer scored, but, although continuing to force the game up to the end, the home team could not obtain another goal.

HOW TO MAKE HORSES RACE ON THE STAGE.

M. Emile Guitton is the inventor of the mechanical contrivance, used in "The Race" at the Empire, for giving the illusion of horses galloping at full speed on the stage, and at the same time remaining in the presence of the audience. He is a French civil engineer, and was educated at l'Ecole Centrale.

His invention was first used in Paris in 1891, in a play called "Paris Port du Mer," by St. Albin, who, by the way, is the sporting critic of the *Figaro*. The piece ran for 250 nights. Great improvements have, however, been made in the mechanism since then. The carpet, upon which the horses gallop at the Empire, travels at the rate of a mile in seventy-five seconds, whereas in Paris only half that speed was attained. The necessity for this increased speed is due to the fact that the horses now employed are real racehorses. The training of these horses occupied over four months. At first, they were naturally very frightened to find the ground moving under them. Strange to say, M. Guitton conceived his idea for use not at the theatre, but at the training-

stable. He avers that by means of his invention he will be enabled to increase the pace of a racehorse to a far greater extent than by the ordinary system of training; his theory being that the machine materially increases the length of the horse's stride. An experiment is about to be made by a well-known owner of racehorses.

The machine consists of three leather belts—one for each horse—about twenty-four yards long and three-quarters of a yard wide. These belts are stretched upon two drums, each about a yard and a half in diameter, and fixed ten yards apart, giving a moving surface of that length. The drums are, of course, just below the level of the stage. Along the floor of the stage are a number of rollers, six inches in diameter, almost touching each other. These, being just under the uppermost surface of the leather belt, bear the weight of the horses. Over the leather belts green carpets are stretched to give the effect of the turf. One of the greatest difficulties that had to be overcome was to keep each of the horses on his own particular belt. There is a rather curious arrangement with regard to the railings, which revolve at about one-tenth the speed of the carpets. The top bar of the railings is stationary, and it is only the uprights which move. These are fixed, at about two yards apart, to a narrow belt, and as they fly past the spectator their ends fit into a groove of the horizontal bar. The moving panorama behind completes the illusion. The motor-power is supplied by three dynamos. A new arrangement of the invention is being constructed, which is capable of being folded into a very small compass. This will be used for a tour through the English provinces.

When questioned as to what would happen if anything went wrong with the machinery and it were to suddenly stop, M. Guitton threw up his hands and replied, after the manner of George Stephenson when asked what would happen to the cow, "It would be very bad indeed for those horses."

M. Guitton is contriving a plan by which the same horse will not always win—in fact, it will be a living edition of *Les Petits Chevaux* so popular at the Continental Casinos. He is the inventor of a rather curious and amusing stage-illusion, which he intends to produce ere long, and his new system of printing in colours is a very wonderful invention. That M. Guitton is a somewhat busy man may be gathered from the fact that he is also a constant contributor to *Le Journal* and *Gil Blas*, being on the staff of both these newspapers.

Morren. Turner. Williams. Robinson. Oakley. Forman.



Athersmith. Richards. Smith (Captain). Wheldon. Garfield.
THE ENGLISH TEAM.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The election for the so-called "Parliament" of London has come and gone, and the so-called "Progressive" party has triumphed, by a small percentage of votes and a large percentage of members, over the so-called "Moderates." The event is hardly to be accounted epoch-making, except by those journalistic enthusiasts who proclaim a new heaven and a new earth every time they engage a new office-boy. London is neither "saved" nor "lost," as opposite partisans, like the Pelagians, "do vainly talk"; but the direction of municipal affairs, debated between two factions of well-meaning and not extravagantly competent gentlemen, has fallen for three years to the section that is, perhaps, slightly the better-meaning and slightly the less competent. Between a liberal-minded Moderate and a Progressive endowed with common sense the distinction is very small. Extreme reformers might like to rate the ground landlord out of existence to endow the British workman on strike; extreme Conservatives might surrender the health, comfort, and beauty of the great city as a prey to greedy individuals and greedier corporations and companies. The great majority of the Councillors shares neither extreme view, and if it did, it would not long remain a majority.

There is in every election a reaction from the last. Undoubtedly, three years ago the bulk of the electors, so far as they took the trouble to want anything, wanted to turn the Progressive party out of power. The Moderates had a clear majority of votes, and, at first, half, and afterwards a bare majority, of the elected Councillors. But, by unscrupulous manipulation of the nominated part of the Council, the Progressives retained power and place. The extreme members were unable, indeed, to indulge their fads, since the defection of a few of the more sober would, and occasionally did, put them in a minority, but there was no change in the party responsible for the Council's policy. But the usual reaction has come, for all that; the desire "to give the other side a chance" has operated, without reference to the fact that the other side has had all the chances hitherto; one-half of the electors did not trouble to vote at all, and the Progressives are in with a sufficient majority.

It is to be hoped that their last narrow squeak, and the not too creditable expedients by which they retained a precarious power, will have served as a lesson. And, indeed, the late victory, rendered unexpectedly decisive only by the caprices of the electoral divisions and the apathy of the average voter, seems to have been contrary to the expectations of the Progressives themselves. Before the conflict they were nervously moderating their doctrines and laboriously explaining away the defeat that never came. And, beyond question, if the unpollled fifty per cent. could have been dragged out into the disagreeable weather, they would have mostly voted Moderate. But the big battalions stayed at home; the hope of a municipal millennium was more attractive than the fear of rising rates: and the result followed.

Now that the Progressives are really responsible for the future of London, with their working majority, it is to be hoped that they will try to be a trifle more worthy of their name than before. London wants a good many great improvements very badly; and it is far more important that these improvements should be carried out than that they should be got in any particular way. The policy of not relieving a choked thoroughfare till you can charge for "betterment" is one only worthy of a sulky child. It is better that a really needed change should be made questionably than not at all. Again, the Council must neglect petty fads and apply itself to big practical works. The petty prying of the "Prurisy" enthusiasts was no doubt founded on the best of motives; but it was also dictated by absolute ignorance of the relative importance of matters, moral and otherwise. That municipal Councillors, in presence of the open and atrocious scandals of our streets, should spend vast amounts of time and moral indignation in harring an orderly music-hall, struck foreign observers as a mysterious manifestation of "British hypocrisy." Surely, they agreed, these are the Pharisees of old, who strain at a promenade and swallow a Piccadilly. And yet it was not hypocrisy—merely pettiness of mind.

When are we to have broad streets to link east to west and north to south? When are we to have electric lighting and tramways such as petty towns in America have had for years? If Parliament will not pass "betterment," throw the blame on Parliament, but do not let the Council turn sulky and drop its improvements. It is better to get fine streets and good communications by a job than not at all. Baron Haussmann's "Comptes Fantastiques" were the byword of his time; but modern Paris owes him much of her air and light and comfort. A good deal may have been stolen over the affair, but the work was done. Every year that a necessary improvement is postponed means the loss of more money than any scheme of betterment could well recoup.

The *doctrinaire* would rather not do what he wants done than do it in any but one way. The opportunist makes the end justify the means, and public opinion justify the end. Neither is a beautiful character, but the latter, at least, sometimes gets something done. MARMITON.

WHAT DIPLOMATIC PRIVILEGE MEANS.

"SEVENTH OF QUEEN ANNE, CHAPTER TWELVE."

We were all amused the other day over the case of two young fellows connected with one of the foreign Embassies in London. They had been bicycling out in the country, and an energetic constable tackled them with having ridden on the footpath. Now that is a thing a cyclist has to be careful about; also a thing, to say the least of it, of some frequency.

The point here, however, is a particular one, namely, that of diplomatic privilege, since it was effectually pleaded against the whole proceedings. Thus the case never came to be tried, for the Foreign Office stepped in, saying, "No; your honours the justices may not try these folks. Nor may anybody else. They have the immunity from summons and legal process generally which belongs to all members of a foreign Embassy or Legation." And that was the end of the business (says a *Sketch* correspondent) for the laughing English public. Not for me, though, since it was merely a text suggesting inquiry as to what is meant by diplomatic privilege.

Why, everything is meant. In all civilised countries foreign diplomats, their families and dependents, are exempt from the laws of those countries. Embassies and Legations are so much foreign territory, where no legal machinery will run. It is an international courtesy, and a very proper one, having regard to the conditions of diplomacy. Our diplomats enjoy it elsewhere as other diplomats enjoy it here—the system works out fair and square. "But do you mean to tell me," asks the average man, "that anybody connected with a foreign Embassy in London can do just what he likes—can slap law and order in the face. Certain things may be allowed, but surely not anything—is it really so?"

Exactly. Obviously, if you are a guest in a man's house, you take the utmost care not to infringe upon his good-nature. You remember that you are a guest, and written rules are valueless to you because your line of conduct is so much above them. That is the view which the diplomat keeps in sight; any falling away from it would hurt himself more than anybody else. Moreover, it would only be necessary for a Foreign Office to complain to those by whom a diplomat was accredited, and any wrong-doing on his part would quickly cease. Etiquette is a law to itself in diplomacy—a singularly stringent one—and, anyhow, a member of a foreign Embassy becomes useless to his country if he has lost favour in the country to which he is accredited.

What is the Act of Parliament which governs this matter in England? Why the seventh of Queen Anne, chapter twelve. Queen Anne ruled long ago, and we have the phrase "Dead as Queen Anne." If for nothing else, her name would be kept alive by the Act of 1709, "For preserving the Privileges of Ambassadors and Other Public Ministers of Foreign Princes and States." The phrasology of the Act explains to us how it came into existence. Several "turbulent and disorderly persons" interfered in the "most outrageous manner" with the Ambassador representing her Majesty's good friend "His Czarist Majesty" of Russia. They took him by violence out of his coach while he was driving through London, and he was detained in custody for several hours, "contrary to the law of all nations." What had the poor man done? He hadn't got into debt, had he, and been arrested as a debtor? No matter, an Act was promptly passed, and a cardinal section of it is in these terms—

All writs and processes that shall at any time hereafter be sued forth or prosecuted, whereby the person of any Ambassador or other Public Minister of any foreign Prince or State, authorised and received as such by her Majesty, her heirs or successors, or the domestic, or domestic servant, of any such Ambassador or other Minister, may be arrested or imprisoned, or his or their goods or chattels may be distrained, seized, or attached, shall be deemed and adjudicated to be utterly null and void to all intents, constructions, and purposes whatsoever.

Queen Anne's Act goes farther. Not only must you not proceed against a member of a foreign Embassy, but if you do so you are liable to corporal punishment. There the threat is in the Act—such "pains and penalties" and "corporal punishment" as may be adjudged. You had better not be a "disturber of the public repose," in the sense of disturbing a diplomat. The scope of that word is fairly broad too, for it will include an Ambassador's butler or his coachman. At the beginning of every year our Foreign Office receives from the heads of Embassies and Legations lists containing certain names. Each list gives a diplomat's *entourage*, and each person on that list has the benefit of the Queen Anne Act.

The small people of Ambassadorial suites, no doubt, give their superiors an occasional piece of worry. Confer a privilege on any paltry person, and he is sure to stand upon it with exaggerated dignity. Such an offender simply spoils his own nest, only the thing may be most vexatious for the Ambassador. Were he to permit any process of law to operate against a member of his privileged list, he would be admitting a precedent which might be used again on a more serious occasion. Thus the diplomatic privilege is adhered to with a tenacity which may sometimes be humorous.

Even so, it is hard to admire the very junior diplomat who, not long since, insisted on bringing a dog into England in defiance of the Muzzling Order. He could appeal to Queen Anne, and not find her dead, but it would have been in better taste had he not done so. Perhaps his chief taught him as much, for an Ambassador, in such matters, is apt to come down with a heavy hand.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

When to light up: Wednesday, March 16, 7.4; Thursday, 7.5; Friday 7.7; Saturday, 7.9; Sunday, 7.11; Monday, 7.12; Tuesday, 7.14.

I remember reading among the "Answers to Correspondents" in a ladies' newspaper the following: "An error crept into this column last week. 'Nellie' should take a quarter of a *grain*, and not a quarter of a *pound*, of strychnine." In like manner an error crept into the ladies' column of a cycling contemporary a few days ago. The editor was, no doubt, suffering from Aubrey Beardsley spasms when he advised his fair readers never to bicycle in skirts more than three feet in circumference!

Possibly he was thinking of the meeting of the Rational Dress League, which took place at St. Martin's Town Hall yesterday evening. The object of the League, as set forward by the select committee, of which Viscountess Harberton is the head, is "to foster and encourage reform in the dress of both sexes, but more particularly to promote the wearing by women of some form of bifurcated garment, especially for outdoor exercise, walking tours, house-work, and business purposes." The League hopes to attain its object by organising cycle rides, tennis clubs and matches, walking tours, boating trips, and evening parties and meetings for the purpose of educating public opinion by the reading of papers and discussion of all public matters of interest, especially of those questions affecting the status of women, at which evening gatherings opportunity could be taken for the exhibition and discussion of new inventions and forms of rational wear, and so on and so on. Frankly, I wish the League every sort of success, though I doubt whether success will ever attend it. They say that disease will never be put an end to until sin itself, the father of disease, has reached the limit of its tether. It may be said with equal truth that, until woman abandons her praiseworthy endeavours always to "look her best," the bifurcated garment will never attain popularity, except, perhaps, for cycling purposes.

Many ladies have lately given up cycling because they find that gripping the handles causes their hands to spread. But there is no need to grip the handles when one is riding a bicycle any more than there is need to clutch the reins with a grip of iron when one is on horseback. Indeed, all our leading cyclists, both men and women, place their hands upon the handles or handle-bar as lightly as possible and guide the machine almost entirely with their feet. Depend upon it, an expert cyclist will not be found to suffer from swollen hand any more than a really talented man will be found to suffer from "swelled head."

What is the object of producing the inordinately light machines now being thrust upon the market? Has the craze for feather-weight machines—for that is what it amounts to—been imported from America? I think so. But, as assuredly as it has been introduced, so will it die. Our English country roads are not adapted for very light bicycles, though I admit that American-made carriages withstand the wear and tear over here well enough. I have ridden English-made and American-made bicycles in the States and in Canada, as well as in Great Britain and Ireland, and experience shows that very light machines are suitable for America, owing to the excellence of the roads there, but that here in England we need a reasonable amount of weight, if the rider wishes to travel comfortably—that is, without being unduly shaken and without suffering owing to vibration. A fairly heavy but well-built bicycle will be found far pleasanter to ride than an indifferently constructed machine five or six pounds lighter.

The other day, I had occasion to take my bicycle by train a distance of some eighteen miles, for which I was called on to pay ninepence—exactly half a third-class fare. Truly the rates for the carriage of cycles by rail in this country appear high when in America a cyclist can take his machine for more than sixty-eight thousand miles free of charge.

I really think in this country the railway companies might be a trifle more generous in their treatment of cyclists, without any appreciable diminution of their dividends. A little more agitation and continued

pressure brought to bear on the companies may bear fruit in time in the direction of a reduced tariff, but the free carriage of cycles in this country is more than I dare to hope for this side the Millennium.

In country touring every rider knows the comfort of a well-made, well-kept road, with firm, even surface, and for this we have to thank the County Councils, who have introduced steam-rollers almost everywhere. In the days when I indulged in equestrian exercise, the puffing, snorting, lumbering steam-roller was my *bête noire*. I regarded it as an abomination, a diabolical creation of modern civilisation. My horse objected strongly to the invasion of his own peculiar domain by a huge fire-machine that might look at home on a railway, but appeared manifestly out of place on a macadamised road, and he carried his objections so far that I had to use all my powers of persuasion to induce him to meet it. But since I have taken to wheels I have learned to bless the steam-fiend. I now regard it as a friend, a benefactor; for though it cannot, indeed, make crooked roads straight, it succeeds admirably in rendering the rough places plain. Cyclists beyond all others have reason to appreciate the hideous, unartistic monstrosity which is a common object of the country at this season of the year, for to them especially is a smooth road a desideratum. To encounter, at the end of a long ride, a stretch of bad road where one is almost bumped and shaken out of the saddle is the height of discomfort to the rider, to say nothing of the bad effects of the extra strain on the machine. Consequently, I am willing to put up with such an unæsthetic object as a steam-roller for the sake of the excellent roads it provides.

The cyclists of Western Australia, however, seem to be independent of this system of mechanical road-making. I learn from a contemporary that, owing to the scarcity of water, a large number of camels have recently been imported into that colony. The large, flat feet of these animals, as they walk in solemn procession through the bush, make the road so smooth that it is said to become an ideal track for cyclists. Where equestrians are concerned, the camel can scarcely be regarded as an improvement on the steam-roller, for a horse is said to have an unconquerable aversion to his bactrian brother. But, on this page at least, the horse is not expected to receive due consideration, and, from the cyclists' point of view, the County Councils are at liberty to import as many camels as they please to supplement the rollers at present in use.

A fond mother writes me a long letter. The outcome of her numerous inquiries amounts to this: "Is it bad for babies to bicycle?" My answer is brief but to the point: "It all depends upon the baby." Obviously it must do an undergrown, puny infant of five or six summers immeasurable harm to perch it upon a narrow strip of leather and then force it to exert all its brute strength in propelling a machine probably almost as heavy as itself. On the other hand, a full-blooded, buxom minx, eight years of age, or rising nine, sound in wind and limb, free from vice, and warranted not to kick over the handle-bars, might with impunity be mounted on a well-made machine of small size and allowed to ride a few miles every day. Moderation, however, is the main point to be attended to. A well-known authority

on horses and riding and hunting—a medical man—tells me that no child should be placed astride a horse until it, the child, has passed its seventh year, no matter how strong a child it may appear to be, and he adds that no boy or girl should be sent out hunting until he or she is twelve years of age. He thinks that, upon the whole, over-cycling is less apt to injure a child than over-riding, but that neither will do harm if not indulged in to excess. His opinion is, however, that no child under ten years of age should be allowed to ride a bicycle, because, he adds, cycling is always apt to produce knock-knees, and when the limbs are supple, as those of a child are, this likelihood is intensified.

An enterprising and up-to-date French firm of cycle-manufacturers is producing a bicycle which it names "Le Bordereau." There is already in Paris a bicycle-lamp called "Le Zola." All they want now is a French officer to ride the machine, a Paty de Clam mercenary claque to applaud him, a Rochefort brake which refuses to act on the tired but tireless steed, and the machine becomes *de facto* a motor.



STARTING FOR A SPIN.
Photo by Hancox and Wunsch, Kimberley.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

Were not jockeys such notoriously bad tipsters, I should feel inclined to look no further than Chelandry for the Lincoln Handicap, for Charles Wood, her natty rider, holds an elevated idea of her chance. That she has class on her side cannot be gainsaid, but I don't think she will quite do the trick. Then Thomas Loates, I believe, fancies High Treasurer, who on some form can almost be made a winner. One or two of those horses that were a month ago fancied have not done well in their work, and early speculators will probably remember next year to possess their souls in patience. I think Prince Barcaldine will win the first big handicap of the season, and Chelandry should finish in the first three.

The Brocksby Stakes is sure to attract a large number of youngsters to the post, but I doubt if we shall have the pleasure of seeing a really good one out so early. Mr. Leopold de Rothschild likes to run one in this race, and he has more than one engaged he can choose from. If Watson sends out the winner again, however, as he has done for two years past, I think it will be through the aid of Mr. Raphael's colt by Janissary out of Ladykin, who is liked at Newmarket. Others that enjoy reputations are Mr. Douglas Baird's Marauder by Martagon—Petulance, Lord Dunraven's Desmond by St. Simon—L'Abbesse de Jouarre, and Sir J. B. Maple's Monopoly by Common—Minting Queen. Mr. Lowther is said to have a very smart colt in Chief Warden by Janissary out of Warden Belle. If this one runs I think he will win.

The Grand Military Meeting at Sandown Park was, in its way, a sort of benefit for the Alresford stable and one of its chief patrons, for Swatton sent out eight winners, and Mr. Reginald Ward rode six of them, five of his victories being scored on his own horses. Perhaps the best of the lot was The Tramp, an American importation, that used to be called Cloister. This horse, who won a couple of races at the meeting, is a really good young 'chaser, and it is a pity he is occasionally inclined to be obstinate. Although Mr. Ward was so successful, he failed to take either of the chief races, the Gold Cup and the Grand Military Steeplechase, which both fell to the share of Major Onslow on County Council and Melton Constable. County Council, it may be remarked, was bred by the Prince of Wales, and has this season shown really excellent form. He is a splendid jumper and very fast, but is, I believe, somewhat difficult to train.

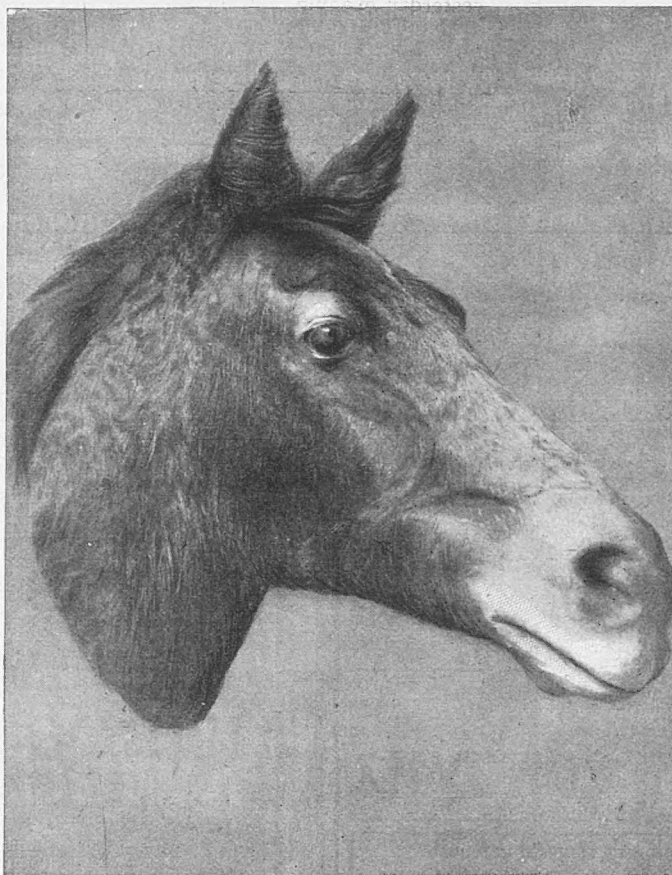
I noticed in a racing programme the other day that one of the horses was named after a celebrated embrocation. Time was when owners used to regard it as a clever performance to call their horses by the most extraordinary names possible. Happily nowadays such men are few, and I should not like to see the practice revived. Some of our advertisements are certainly euphoniously worded, but it would be going back, I think, to the old style to have horses named after them. There is no limit to such a practice, which would give the big firms that exist mainly by extensive advertising a chance of buying and running horses called after the wares they sell. The particular case I noticed was in a race under National Hunt Rules. Such a practice would not, I should hope, be tolerated under Jockey Club regulations.

Not much at this time of the year can be known of the two-year-olds, but I hear Darling has one that is reckoned something out of the common. It is Birkenhead, by Orme out of Tragedy, the dam of Wildfowler. Orme has shown promise in his stock of developing into a crack stallion, and, should Birkenhead turn out as good as he is expected to, his sire's reputation will be further enhanced. Present intentions are not to run Birkenhead before the autumn. He is, however, engaged in several races before that time. He is also in the Middle Park Plate, and holds liabilities in the Derby, Two Thousand Guineas, and St. Leger of 1899.

Old Hampton, Derby-winner and sire of Derby-winners, will always—or, at least, part of him—be on view to Mr. John Castle of the Stetchworth Paddocks, Newmarket, who has had the head of the notorious and lately deceased racehorse and sire stuffed by Mr. Rowland Ward, F.Z.S., one of the greatest living authorities on taxidermy. Those who saw Hampton run will never forget his great performances, and those who follow us will like to know that there is in perfect preservation the head of as magnificent a thoroughbred as ever trod the turf. When I saw Ladas, I thought how remarkably his head resembled that of his sire.

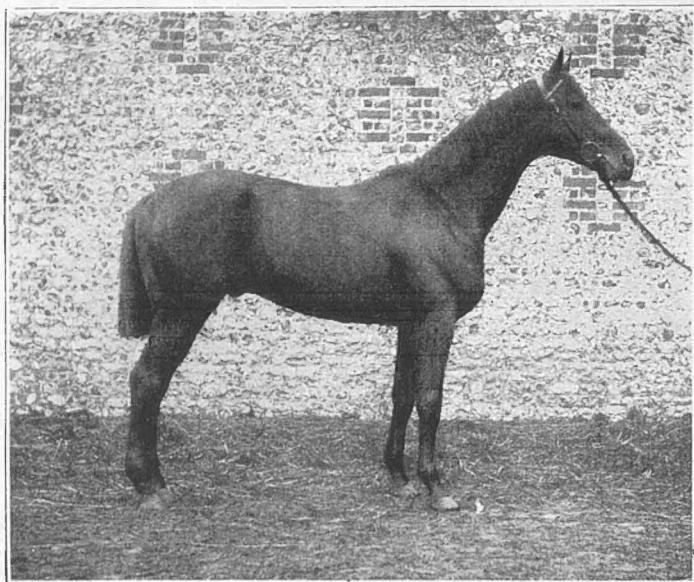
There is room for plenty of improvement in the catering at many race-meetings, and it is a pity that clerks of courses do not run the refreshment department themselves. At Sandown the food and drink are perfect, simply because Sir Wilford Brett sees that the public get value for money. At some of the meetings held in the neighbourhood of the Metropolis the luncheons provided are of the poorest, and the drinks are vile, as racing men well know.

CAPTAIN COE.

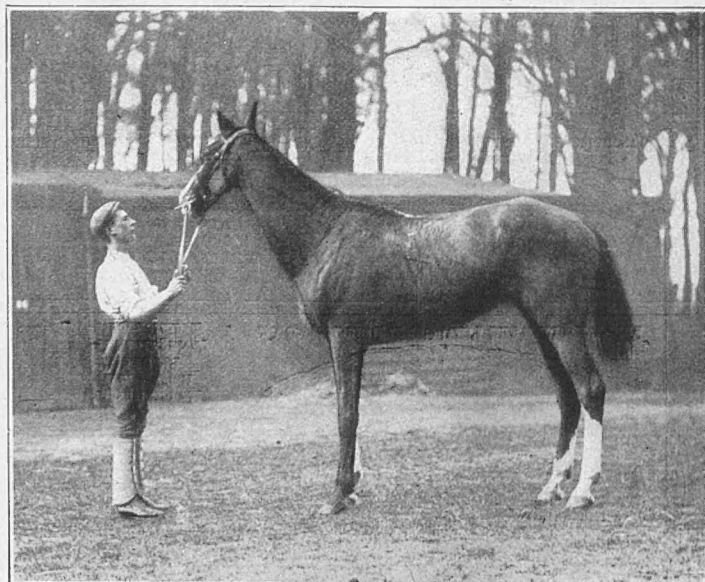


THE HEAD OF HAMPTON.

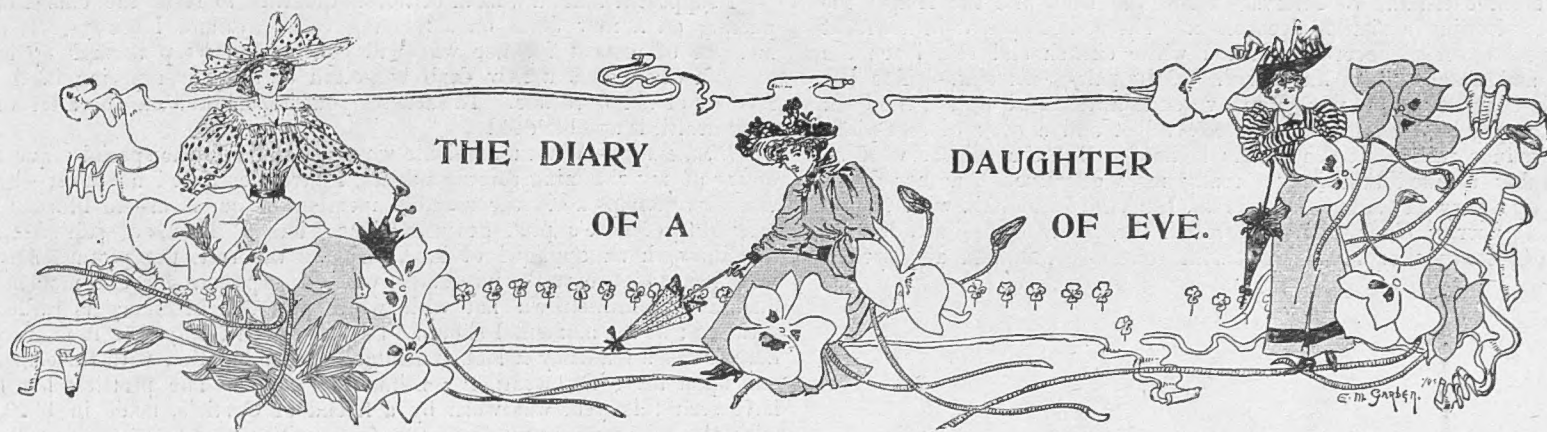
Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.



THE TRAMP, WHO WON THE PAST AND PRESENT STEEPLECHASE AND THE UNITED SERVICES STEEPLECHASE.



COUNTY COUNCIL, WINNER OF THE GRAND MILITARY GOLD CUP AT SANDOWN.



Monday.—Why did I not go to Sandown Military Meeting? This is what Diana wants to know. I see no reason why I should. It was exceedingly cold, and I always see a tremendous crowd of people I never meet anywhere else save at the previous Military Meeting, while I can

shades predominating, but royal-blue was also very popular. Some of the hats went up at the back like mountains and came flat down on the forehead, but these were not becoming, in spite of the very pretty faces which appeared under them.



MISS MARY MOORE'S PINK DRESS, LACE APPLIQUÉ.



[Copyright.]

A PRETTY EVENING-DRESS.

count upon coming across them again at the succeeding one. Diana sends me a long account of the frocks, seeming more enthusiastic over them than I should have been. She writes—

“DEAR VIRGINIA,—Why were you not at Sandown, as you most certainly ought to have been? Some of the frocks, or rather, the furs, were lovely. All was satisfactory that I could see of new gowns, which was not very much, as everyone was wearing their winter clothes with the exception of the hats, and spring hats were ubiquitous. Nearly all of these consisted of blues of different tones, hyacinth-blue in three

“The Russian blouse was universally worn in every shape and style, but I saw one very smart woman wearing an ideal driving-coat made of putty-coloured box-cloth, the fulness at the back held in by a strap, lined throughout with mink, and boasting a huge square cape of dark Russian sable, with cuffs to match. Her toque was of sable, trimmed with violets and a white Paradise plume, and, as she was tall and slight, her costume was a complete success. A somewhat unusual dress consisted of a skirt of pale-grey, satin-faced cloth, quite plain except for three rows of piping at the knee. The Russian blouse which accompanied this was a lovely shade of violet velvet, with wide strappings of the

grey cloth extending at intervals across the back and the front; the sleeves showing a similar decoration. The bodice opened in the front to reveal a vest of accordion-pleated white chiffon and real lace; the skirt and basque were lined with bright pale-green silk. The hat which completed this was of mauve chiffon, trimmed high at the back with a grey bird resting upon green velvet and a *chou* of rose-pink. This sounds rather startling, does it not? But the colours were so admirably blended that it was really most effective. Another dress, worn by a very charming girl, was of black Melton cloth, with twelve rows of narrow black silk braid round the hips. The short, double-breasted Eton jacket was covered with rows of braid, and displayed a



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A WALKING-COSTUME.

tiny vest of soft satin and lace at the neck, while a twist of turquoise velvet encircled the waist. A toque of turquoise-blue chiffon, with a crown of white chiffon embroidered in steel and silver, trimmed at the back with a black aigrette and a bunch of salmon-pink roses, put a most attractive finishing touch to an exceedingly pretty, if not quite appropriate, hat.

"A Russian coat of broad-tail with large revers of chinchilla and a high collar of the same fur, ornamented at the back with a rosette of purple velvet, looked well over a skirt of the palest mauve cloth stamped with a conventional design. This skirt had quite a train, and was so long in the front that it must have been difficult to manage with comfort. The owner, who was very tall, had bestowed considerable attention on her coiffure, which was elaborately waved and decorated with one of those new tortoise-shell combs studded with little diamonds. This was surmounted by a small toque of three shades of mauve, fastened at the back with a *chou* of very pale green velvet, three feathers of different shades of purple resting on the hair.

"A fur cape which pleased me rather was of the finest sable, lined throughout with white satin, edged with a small frill of the sable. On the shoulders were large vandykes of chinchilla tapering in points almost to the edge of the cape, and the high collar of sable was lined with ermine, and fastened at the throat with a knot of real lace and a bunch of pink flowers. This cape was quite short, reaching scarcely below the elbows, but it was exceedingly smart. And now I have told you all the dresses I saw of worthy detail, and I am yours,

"DIANA."

I suppose it takes a woman of heroic qualities to resist the charm of putting on a new dress on a freezing cold day, and I always feel a measure of respect for her who will continue to wrap herself up in sealskin when once a new drab box-cloth or serge is reposing in the recesses of her wardrobe. To sacrifice your appearance on the altar of your health is a noble deed.

Wednesday.—What an amiable woman I am! At the special request of one of my charming correspondents, I have persuaded my artist—by the way, perhaps he is the amiable member of our firm—to illustrate Miss Mary Moore's pink gown in "The Liars." This is of soft silken muslin, with an appliqué of lace, and, for the rest, the picture may well, if not best, describe its details, while I expatiate for one moment on the hyacinth-strewn hat with white plumes. Millinery is rather pleasing; at the moment I should like to get to it, only that it is of so diaphanous a tendency it looks unsuitable in combination with fur coats, and upon these the weather continues to insist. The prettiest hat I have seen this year was worn by a friend of Gertie's, made in black with the brim turning up from the face, with a rosette of white tulle and a few folds of white tulle, upon which rest fine black skeleton feathers powdered with jet. She is a very "smart" girl that, and she has a charming new frock of hyacinth-blue cloth, with a pointed broadtail collar outlined with écaru guipure and the skirt trimmed to match.

TO MY CORRESPONDENTS.

VALENTINE.—A good substitute for that fur collar would be one of Irish lace in an écaru tone, or, if you do not care to go to the expense of Irish, then have guipure. Keep it tight into the back; but if you leave it pouching a little in the front, it will, perhaps, be more becoming. As a matter of fact, that other bodice does not look out of date; but, if you are tired of the sailor collar, you can easily dispense with it without interfering with the general style. To alter it entirely would be easy enough by striping it with lines of white lace embroidered in jet, and putting a small basque round the back, of lace. Do you not find the white satin next your face rather trying? If you keep it of the same shape you could cover this lightly over with a very fine black lace or with fine black lace ornaments. A black skirt would be quite advisable, and the form should be the new one, with a seam at the knees, sloping downwards at the back. That striped silk would look nice made with a fichu of white net with little frills edged with black velvet ribbon. You have explained your needs most admirably.

L. B. (Edgbaston).—If you mean a paper pattern, I regret I do not supply the like, but I believe there are many establishments in London who do. At the *Queen* Office, Bream's Buildings, Chancery Lane, they will cut you special paper patterns if you enclose them the picture you require, and you can always rely on anything that comes from the *Queen*.

FASTIDIOUS.—You can get very pretty neckties of that description, made of glacé with little borders of lawn hem-stitched, from Jay's in Regent Circus. For your hat, choose either dark-blue cornflowers or blue lobelia. Rosettes of the deep-red you could have beneath the brim in antique satin, or the hat would look well with bunches of blue cornflowers in the front and a group of red roses at the back.

VESTA.—I will give you a full and detailed description of Letty Lind's dress next week. I have not had a private view of it, but I shall be at the benefit. White lisse with an appliqué design of black lace would, I think, make an ideal half-mourning ball-gown. Kate Reilly, of 11, Dover Street, has some charming bodices of different details, and you could not do better than go to her for both the garments you want. Since you want to know where I really buy my "own gloves," I must tell you that it is in Paris, at the Louvre. They are called "Gants Reynier." If you give them an order amounting to over a sovereign they will send the parcel post-free.

VIRGINIA.

A MODERN ASTROLOGER.

Mr. William Sevier, of Eastleigh, Hants, possesses confidence in himself to an unparalleled degree. Writing apropos of a recent note in these columns on the Art of Astrology, he declares that "nothing comes to pass" without his knowing what it is in advance. He goes on to declare—

The Great Engineers' Strike was predicted by me at the beginning of last year, 1897. Jan., and also the result of the Strike. My fee would have been five pounds, which cost them ten Millions in the end. That would have been my first fee, and to this very day I have never received any fee whatever. I sent my prediction of the Strike to a great number of papers, and the fulfilment of my Predictions must have greatly Surprised the Editors.

The prophet foretells that the present year will see the following events—

Death of ex and Prime Minister. Deaths in the Royal Family. France and Spain doomed, trouble at home and abroad with France. Earthquake, floods, famine, Plagues for Spain. Earthquakes, Plagues, Floods, troubles continued in India. The loss of Many Ocean Liners and Steamers. Gales. Earthquakes will take place this year throughout the Earth. Only a very Slight Shock will be felt in this Country, which will take place in Aug. next, Gloucester and South Wales parts. All Nations Completely Mixed up, trouble throughout the World. Presenting Bills in Parliament will be like throwing Gunpowder upon the fire. England and Germany Golden Linked—War is the Programme for the last Half of this year. When Nations have ceased to run here and there, then the Great War begins (upon land and Sea). The Friendship with England and Germany is a most Noble event; no other powers can be trusted.

In a later letter he adds—

I make my Study entirely from the Heavens, the rising and setting of the Sun, the Planets and their Movements, by which I am able to predict All Things. My Prophecy will never fade away. Astrology is very Old, but a Born Astrologer needs no Art, for the Heaven Declares the future to him. As to the Great Engineers' Strike, I had those eighty thousand Men dangling at my fingers' ends. There they were, wondering upon the Earth for no good purpose. And never again would such Strikes take place upon Earth.